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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Eden's Mission

The visit of the British Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden, to Washington and his conversations with President Roosevelt come at a crucial moment in United Nations relations. There is little attempt to conceal the fact that the principal purpose of the mission is to discuss not the conduct of the war itself, but "political and economic phases" of the post-war period. That can only mean, first, the question of how to govern the occupied territories; second, the boundary problems already arising out of the war; third, the nature of the new governments to be established in Europe; and, finally and pervasively, the relation of Russia to all these questions.

For it is becoming ever clearer that a New Deal government hampered by a reactionary Congress, a Tory British government that shows little sign of relaxing the traditional tenacity of Tory power, and a Russian socialist dictatorship that knows how to play the game of power politics—that three such governments will have hurdles to clear before the United Nations can become a going concern in organizing the peace. We trust some of those hurdles will be cleared in the Eden conversations.

Eventually they must lay the groundwork for a long-range United Nations organization with machinery for putting down aggression, for ironing out international disputes, and for world economic arrangements. The fact that six United States Senators, including two Republicans, visited President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull last week to talk over a resolution which they are presenting the Senate asking America to assume the leadership in such an effort, shows that Congress is not wholly determined to give the country away to the isolationists.

Morgan the Second

The death of J. P. Morgan last week marked the end of a dynasty, for it meant the passing of the family from the House of Morgan. Two sons are left, both in the navy now, but neither of them has had any active direction of the firm's affairs. The first J. P. Morgan was a feudal baron, with a ruthlessness of will and a single-mindedness in building power that has not been excelled in American history. J. P. the "younger" followed the same pattern, but it was a pattern already created. He controlled a huge financial empire that took toll from American business, workers, consumers. Whether or not he helped bring America into World War I, he increased his fortune and his power through it, and controlled much of both the American and British war economies. Increasingly as he grew older his interests turned to the life of an English country gentleman—to duck-shooting and hog-raising and the patronage of local churches. Despite the adulations that have appeared in the press, it must be said that he added nothing creative or humanizing to American life, and that his passing subtracts nothing. The contrast between the flurry caused by his father's death in 1913 and the relative apathy surrounding his own suggests that the American people have come to understand that their economic destiny lies in their own hands and not those of big financiers. Its was perhaps merciful that he was spared the knowledge of the NRPB jobs-and-security plan proposed by the President.

CONTENTS

The Week 363

Editorials

The Problem of French Unity 365
The Russian Spring 367
The United Tories 368

General Articles

Charter for a New America . . Max Lerner 369
Russia, Germany and the Peace . George Soule 372
North Africa After Vichy . Joseph G. Harrison 375
Everything Is Named for Dreams (verse) . . . . . Tom Boggs 379
Washington Notes . . . . . T. R. B. 380
A Gentle Mrs. Stowe . . . . Stark Young 381
Young Mr. Pitt . . . . . Manny Farber 382
News of Science 382
The Bandwagon 383

Correspondence 384

Books in Review

The Book of Martyrs . . Malcolm Cowley 386
The Beveridge Plan . . Beatrice Gomberg 388
Allegro Con Amore . . . Isaac Rosenfeld 388
The Nazis and Christianity . . . . . Henry Smith Leiper 389
A Reader's List 390

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Reactionary Agriculture

The House Appropriations Committee last week took the stand which if upheld by Congress as a whole will almost certainly mean less food for us next year. The committee refused to grant Secretary of Agriculture Wickard's request for a $75,000,000 fund to be used by his Farm Security Administration in mobilizing farm labor. Instead, the committee approved a substitute resolution offered by Clarence Cannon of Missouri, friend of Ed O'Neal and the farm-bloc lobbyists, which cuts the fund to an inadequate $26,000,000 and turns over all farm-labor questions to the Agricultural Extension Service in place of the Farm Security Administration. Under his plan the Extension Service, the most reactionary arm of the Department of Agriculture, will have funds to build up its Volunteer Neighborhood Leader system, their device for counteracting the administration's farm objectives. The Cannon bill specifically prohibits all such minimum-wage and housing standards for farm workers as have been provided under FSA regulations of transported farm workers.

The forces pushing for total mobilization of our last unconverted industry—agriculture—are hopeful that administrative forces in the Senate will prove strong enough to bring about decisive amendments to the Cannon bill when it gets to that side of the Capitol and that then they may prevail when the measure goes to a conference committee of the two houses. Unless something of this kind can be accomplished, our hopes for an increased food supply for next year rest on shaky foundations.

Labor Machinery and John L. Lewis

It is a bitter truth that the leader of one great American labor union, John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers, is doing more right now to destroy the machinery which has painstakingly been built up to protect the rights of American workers than is the most implacable foe of trade unions within the ranks of employers. At the opening of the negotiations for a new contract between union and operators he served notice that no counter-proposal by the War Labor Board to his demand for wage increases would be entertained. He is explicitly determined to break the Little Steel formula for wage adjustments. He has complete contempt for the machinery of government mediation in the dispute. The WLB, he says, should "cease to cast its black shadow in the face of Americans who want to work and live and serve their country."

Quite apart from the question of the welfare of the whole country (which, however, is distinctly relevant) could Mr. Lewis somehow forget his personal grudge against the chairman of the WLB, Frank Graham, long enough to remember the welfare of organized labor? Labor unions are strong today because employers have been forced, by law, to accept the obligation to bargain collectively with their employees. The instrument of such bargaining is the trade union. The mediator, in the case of an irreconcilable difference, is a government panel. The system, on the whole, has worked well, has benefited labor and has benefited the country. In so contemptuously denying its validity Mr. Lewis endangers his own union and all others.

Now You See It . . .

The OPA is having difficulty in deciding whether it is better to announce contemplated rationing of consumers' goods in advance or to declare without warning that rationing of a product is in effect. Both systems have been tried, with varying degrees of success and failure. The net result of the inconsistency, however, is that most people now doubt that the OPA means what it says when it issues a statement about future rationing. Everyone is now trying to guess, for example, whether the assurance that there will be no rationing of clothes is to be trusted. A New York department store, in an effort to prevent panic buying, is betting $5,000 that there will be no such rationing this year—the Red Cross to win if the consumer loses—a lively but somewhat unscientific way of molding public opinion. The problem of knowing in advance whether and when rationing of a product is needed is admittedly difficult for the experts themselves. But we have reached the point where we must demand that the people with access to expert information decide what the future course of rationing is to be. Then they should pick a system of telling us and stick to it.

School for Militarism?

Militarism is the system under which military men take precedence over civilians in determining and executing the policies of a state. The most disquieting evidence to date that our War Department is seriously infected with the malady appears in the revelation, by the newspaper PM, that an unpublicized army "orientation" school for groups of big-business executives selected by Lt.-Gen. Brehon B. Somervell is in existence at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and that the business men, who attend in four-week relays, are told that the army may be forced to take control of all civilian agencies because of the "inefficiency" of civilian rule. George P. McNear Jr., the railroad president who refused to obey the order of the President of the United States and four government agencies to submit a labor dispute to arbitration in 1942, is one of the "outstanding" men whom General Somervell picked to prepare thus for possible "service in special posts."

Beyond question we are going to have a larger military establishment for many years after this war than we have ever had before in time of peace. But we do not need militarism, either during the war or after it. The sooner the War and Navy Departments and

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their miscellaneous business men who have blossomed into majors and colonels in such astonishing quantity are told that, in terms so flat that their exaggerated sense of responsibility for the right conduct of civilian affairs is thoroughly deflated, the better for the armed services, the war effort and the country. A congressional investigation of this mysterious school and its curriculum is foreshadowed by the reaction to this unsavory piece of news of Senators Truman, Brewster and Kilgore of the Truman Committee. It should not be delayed a day.

The Raw Materials Board

The first annual report of the Combined Raw Materials Board is practically the only instance in which a war agency has stated its aims in terms of their postwar meaning. Thus, William L. Batt, vice-chairman of the WPB, stated that the board's existence might provide the means for a settlement of the worldwide scramble for raw materials that is bound to come after the war. Batt pointed out that the operations of the board since it was established during the Churchill visit to Washington in January, 1942, has aided immeasurably in bringing order, out of what had threatened to become chaos, in the utilization of raw-materials resources. When the war ends, there will be a wild scramble among nations for raw materials with which to restore their economies to a peacetime basis. If we are to avoid the catastrophic experience of the First World War in this regard, the combined coöperative machinery which the Raw Materials Board represents should be maintained and extended to include representatives of all United Nations.

Ambassador Standley

Ambassador Standley's remarks on the lack of Russian publicity given American aid are commented upon at length in George Soule's article "Russia, Germany and the Peace," in this issue. It is worth while, however, to note the responsibility of the New York daily press for much of the confusion in what might have become a dangerous international misunderstanding. The reactionary right and crusading left wings each seized upon the statement for the advancement of its own editorial policy. Hearst's Journal-American flatly stated that the Ambassador charged "Americans were being misled into giving millions to aid the Russian people" and, perhaps hopefully, headed the story, "U. S. MAY HALT NEW LEND AID." From PM came the roar that Standley was another Carlton Hayes and an angry demand for his ambassadorial head. Other newspapers were somewhat more cautious, but not enough to avoid befuddling the public. All papers speculated at first that Standley was speaking with the knowledge of the State Department. All featured Welles's disclaimer, which many interpreted as a "rebuke." Only two bothered to print the pertinent facts about Standley's record of favoring aid to Russia ever since June 22, 1941. And only The New York Post quoted the on-the-spot observation by Bill Downs of CBS Monday night that the Ambassador "believes it is important that Americans and Russians fully understand each other." The absence of an authoritative text permitted The Daily News to run an AP story, signed by Eddy Gillmore, quoting Standley, "There's no question about the Soviets trying to create the impression . . . that they are fighting the war alone." Editorially the isolationist press used the incident to doubt again Russian sincerity and PM beat the State Department over the head with its envoy. But all of this seems to have been off the beam. Russia apparently accepted the Standley rebuke with no great anguish; it was given prominent display in the two great Moscow newspapers and broadcast at dictation speed for the other journals throughout the Soviet to copy. The lesson seems to be that the Russians are as anxious to keep our aid and good will as we to keep theirs. Also that a vigorous and outspoken ambassador who refuses to overlook unpleasant evidence is a good man to have representing us at any capital. It is unfortunate we do not have one at Madrid.

The Problem of French Unity

DESPITE speeches and memoranda, and much hollow cheerfulness from Washington, the unity of all Frenchmen opposing the Axis is still far from being achieved. The Fighting French headquarters in London made public last week a memorandum on this subject it had submitted to Gen. Henri Giraud some time before. Because of bad translating and atrocious paragraphing, the significance of the memorandum must have escaped the great majority of casual newspaper readers. It did not call, as it may have seemed to in translation, for the incorporation of French North and West Africa in the territories ruled by Gen. Charles de Gaulle's French National Committee. As Joseph G. Harrison's field report, published elsewhere in this issue, makes clear, such a solution would be no solution at all, for it would be opposed by the great majority of the inhabitants of the areas concerned.

The Fighting French memorandum recognizes this inescapable fact, and goes on to propose an expedient which does great honor to the loyalty, patriotism and disinterestedness of its authors. In order to do away with the present tragic disunity of the French war effort, the memorandum proposes the dissolution of General Giraud's Council of War and General de Gaulle's French National Committee and their replacement by a representative but provisional central power to govern all French territory liberated or to be liberated. To this central power both General de Gaulle and General Giraud would submit.

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Side by side with the provisional government, in the Free French scheme, there would be a "consultative council of French resistance," formed of delegates from the various French underground movements, of members of parliament whose record has not been sullied by collaboration with the Germans, of the elected municipal and general councils of the liberated territories and of economic, trade-union and university groups. The function of the proposed advisory council would be to give voice to the opinions of Frenchmen who are today condemned to silence. Once metropolitan France has been liberated, both the provisional government and the consultative council would yield to an elected government. No agreement with a foreign power made by the provisional government would be binding on the elected government.

This proposal is so sane, so sober and so logical that even General Giraud, proud autocrat that he is, might have been expected to accept it. Yet in his much heralded radio speech of last week he failed to do so. Instead he promised to return the sovereignty of France to the French people after the war is over, stated that all the laws and decrees of the Vichy government are "without legal force" and "may be considered null and void," and announced that the municipal and general councils "will resume their traditional role." The force of his renunciation of the Vichy regime was greatly weakened by a paragraph in which he explained that "it is impossible to abolish laws and decrees by the stroke of a pen," and the sincerity of his full-throated tributes to democracy and the French Republic was cast in a curious light by his unilateral and entirely illegal decision to abrogate the Crémieux decree.

The Crémieux decree is a part of the basic law of Algeria. Issued in 1870, it gave all the Jews of Algeria the status and rights of French citizens. In conformity with Hitler's Nuremberg laws, Vichy repealed it. A short time ago it was announced that Giraud had decided to restore it. Now he has himself announced that he intends to continue the Jews of Algeria in the inferior status to which Vichy condemned them. But if, as General Giraud has said, the legislation of Vichy is without legal force, by what right does he except the 300,000 Jews of Algeria from the benefit of his own decision?

How important it is for Frenchmen to achieve unity has been made clear by the wholesale movement of French sailors now in the port of New York from the ships of General Giraud and Admiral Fenard to the naval forces of the Free French. Fighting French headquarters have announced that 250 men have already come over, and the situation has Washington so embarrassed that Secretary Knox has denounced the "desertions" and the Department of Justice has detained twelve of the men at Ellis Island to test the government's power to compel them to fight under Giraud and Fenard even though they do not wish to do so. There have also been some obviously inspired stories about "shanghaiing" methods, Fighting French "agents" and the inducements of bribes and higher pay.

We have talked with many of the young men who have elected to join de Gaulle: anyone may do so. The Fighting French headquarters in New York is swarming with them, and has taken on a new air of gayety from their presence, for they are as cheerful as the uniforms they wear. For men who are supposed to have been "shanghaied," bribed and forced to sign papers when too drunk to know what they were doing they present a curious appearance.

Many of them claim that they enlisted in the French navy in the first place only in order to get out of France and join de Gaulle. Others say that they originally intended to fight under their former officers but lost all confidence in them when they were ordered to fire on the Americans, whom they looked on as friends and liberators. All insist that, far from being encouraged to "desert," they were urged to reconsider their decision and were only accepted by the Fighting French after they had had time to think it over. It was explained, they say, that the work they would be called upon to do in the Fighting French navy would be much more dangerous than that on the Richelieu, the Fantasque and the Terrible and that the pay would be lower than what they are now receiving. In spite of this, they persisted in their intentions and were finally enrolled.

An hour's conversation with these young men is enough to convince any but the most hardened disciplinarian that it would not only be a crime but a serious mistake to use force in dealing with them. If they are allowed to do as they wish, they will fight and die with a good heart. If they are compelled to return to Admiral Fenard's ships they will become bitter and perhaps surly. General de Gaulle has rightly said of the problem they present that it is a moral problem, and that a moral problem can never be solved by force.

Nor does there seem to be any truth in the claim that if the movement continues, the French ships now under repair here will be unable to put to sea when the repairs are finished. The Jean Bart, the sister ship of the Richelieu, is a hopeless wreck, sunk in the mud of the harbor of Casablanca. She had a full crew. Some of the men were killed resisting the American landings. But the majority must still be in Africa. What is to prevent us from allowing those of them who elect to do so to come here to fill the gaps left by the "desertions" of their comrades? Nothing, surely, but the opposition of French North African officials.

Yet the situation is not a good one, for it only deepens the already deep rift in the ranks of Frenchmen everywhere. General de Gaulle has pointed the way to a solution. It remains for General Giraud and his followers to accept it.

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The Russian Spring

THE STRONG GERMAN COUNTER-ATTACK in the Kharkov section might have turned the tables on a large number of Russian troops and might have developed into a major entrapment—but it did not. Instead of an entrapment, the action in this important area has developed into a battle, which will be decided by main force, the heavy blows of troops and weapons, rather than by strategic maneuvering for the purpose of encirclement. This latter phase of the counter-attack is over. From the Moscow reports it seems apparent now that the German army had a good plan to accomplish this end but that it failed because fierce fighting by the Russian rearguard upset the timetable. This rearguard had been the vanguard in the swift Russian advance, and was comprised of units like Lt.-Gen. Ivan Popov's tank corps, and artillery. In a sense, the Russian advance had been too swift, and these units lacked the proper infantry support to stage anything but a rearguard action when the retreat began. This was accomplished with considerable skill: heavy mine-fields were laid, Russian tanks were turned into forts, guns were mounted on houses and defended until the end. Heavy damage was inflicted on the German spearheads, and Russian forces were given time to regroup and prepare new positions. The German plan, according to the newspaper Red Star, was to cross the Donets River and close in behind Kharkov, trapping the armies of Gen. Nikolai Vatutin, as the Russians had closed in behind the Germans before Stalingrad. But the Donets crossing was prevented by the main Russian forces established along the river line, which had been given time for this consolidation by the Russian rearguard action. Instead of having accomplished an encirclement, the German army now faces a frontal attack on Kharkov.

The armies are no longer maneuvering for advantage but fighting a battle in which destruction of an army is the goal rather than geographic position. And in a battle no one can say what the outcome will be, as in a planned withdrawal or advance, not even Hitler or Stalin; it has to be fought first. Anyone who watches prize-fights knows that unpredictable moment when two fighters, no matter what their styles or early advantages, find themselves toe to toe, slugging. Anything can happen. And suddenly, there is the young contender, who was way ahead on points, shaking his head and trying to struggle off the floor; or the old champion who was giving a newcomer a lesson is dazed by a sudden punch and goes down under a storm of battering fists, his plan of campaign now meaningless. As this is written, the moment has arrived in the Kharkov area, and anything can happen. The Germans are claiming Kharkov already, but the Russians have not admitted its loss

But even with the battle undecided, it can be said that the Russian position, even in this section, is incomparably better than it was in 1942. Piecing together the accumulated military evidence from both the Russian and German armies in the winter campaign, it seems now that the Russian army caught the Germans off balance, advanced with a speed beyond expectations, and that the Russian war plans simply could not keep up with the army. In the beginning of the Russian winter offensive, it appeared to the most reliable observers that the Kubiansk-Rostov line, or approximately the Donets line, was the maximum Russian goal. But the Russians found their individual strategies bringing victory after victory, and in a short while the whole German line was off balance and in retreat; the Donets line was passed, the Russian war plans were achieved and completed ahead of schedule, and the Soviet armies found themselves driving deeper into enemy territory and, in a military sense, ad-libbing. They did not of course desire to call a halt at the moment of success.

The fact that the Soviet grasp exceeded the reach of its plans stands as clear evidence of the deterioration of German military strength on the eastern front, and this fact will limit the German army's exploitation of its victory if it should win the battle before Kharkov. The Russians still have their strategic reserves prepared for the offensive, while German strategic reserves are extremely limited. A large part of those which they do have are coming from Western Europe, and it is the greatest achievement of the Russian winter campaign that it compelled the German staff to use its Western army for defense of the Eastern frontier, thereby disturbing and unbalancing the entire German war plan.

Just as the Donets line seemed the maximum goal for the Russians at the beginning of the winter, defense of the Kursk-Kharkov line seemed, to expert observers, the minimum task for the German army. But German strength had declined so materially that the Kursk-Kharkov line was threatened and breached in January, before the Germans expected to be called on to defend it. This is evidenced by the real panic which manifested itself in Berlin between January 20 and 30, when speeches for home consumption were dominated by a note of foreboding and despair. It was at this time that troops from Western Europe were got under way to the Russian front to reinforce the line and delay what was threatening to become a rout. It required four weeks to move these troops and place them in position on the Russian front. These are the fresh reserves which the German High Command used in the counter-attacks before the Kharkov section, and by means of which it was hoped to effect the encirclement.

The German army is fighting not only with borrowed troops now, but on borrowed time if the United

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Nations will but press the advantage the Russian winter offensive has presented them. A second front in Europe must be opened by June—at the very latest July—if this advantage is not to be lost. For by this time, though they have lost much territory in Russia, the Germans will be stabilizing the eastern front on less ambitious lines and the strategic reserves which are now flowing from west to east because of the crisis, will be flowing the other way to meet an invasion effort which was delayed too long. Every single day that we outwait our opportunity will cost us increasingly heavy casualties. If we outwait it too long, it may still cost us the war. An experienced, hard-hitting fighter who has been stunned by a punch can often clinch, bluff or even talk his way out of it and win the fight. The phrase, "He let him get away," murmured around the sports-writers' benches, has marked the end of golden opportunity for numberless and nameless inexperienced young fighters.

And this is somewhat the state of the war. The German army, undeniably a great fighting machine though somewhat worn, has been stunned by a punch. We can batter it down now with real slugging, or we can betray ourselves by shadow-boxing and watch the German army go ten rounds to a draw, or even to a decision.

The United Tories

JENNIE LEE, the brilliant Scottish Socialist leader, has sent us the following cabled report from London in response to our inquiry about recent political trends in England:

"We are waiting for the launching of the second front in Western Europe. All government statements heighten this expectation. This is not another case of crying wolf. Everyone's energies, both nervous and physical, are polarized accordingly and all other issues are dwarfed. At such a time it is physiologically essential for a people to think highly of themselves and their Allies. It would be impossible to have a din going on in the British press similar to that in America. We criticize ourselves and our Allies, but only in carefully muted tones. Sometimes, in my judgment, the muting is overdone. The execution of the Polish Socialist leaders, Erlich and Alter, for instance, passed virtually unnoticed. In conservative circles, politicians were unconcerned, while the Communists branded these two men fascist agents. Socialist trade-union leaders deemed it inexpedient, with the second front still pending, to protest loudly enough for anyone to hear. Political assassination must not be called by that name when committed by an ally with whom it is important to maintain good relations.

Our Tory rulers permit the Polish emigré government to issue a newspaper that is reactionary, chauvinistic and anti-Semitic. They will do their utmost to rebuild a conservative Poland but they don't waste words arguing ahead of time.

The British masses, however, are simple-hearted and genuine in their pro-Soviet enthusiasm. The ferocity and competence with which the Red Army fights has burned into their consciousness. In factories and in service units, Russian resistance is the pivotal point of all war talk. But for America, British conservatives would be seriously worried by the breadth and depth of pro-Soviet sentiment. While they dare not go against this tide at present, they are relying on the American State Department to pull the chestnuts out of the fire.

The division of function, whereby American tories come into the open as Russian-haters and Darlan-Peyrouton sponsors, while British tories give discreet encouragement in the background, is admirably suited to the present military and political phase of the war. Not that Britain and America are going to find it easy to resolve their differences and present a united diplomatic front to the Kremlin. Only the sound internationalism professed by Vice President Wallace could establish lasting Anglo-American coöperation, for it would be inspired by a desire neither to double-cross Russia nor be double-crossed by Russia. British progressives would be more confident of the future if there were evidence that Wallace's sentiments were gaining ground. Reaction has been having a field day on both sides of the Atlantic. Now that the European front will soon be opened, a more idealistic note will have to be struck. Giraud's speech, which points that way, is part of the essential preparatory work before France can be invaded. It is good that even officially appointed government spokesmen have sometimes realized that the man in the street—French, American, British or where you will—would really like this to be a war for liberty and democracy, and a reasonable amount of equality within and among nations."

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Charter for a New America

The President's Job-and-Security Plan

1.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE now have before them their own Beveridge plan. And I can report my own conviction that it is better and sounder and goes farther than the English plan. I must also add my own belief that, difficult as the fight for the Beveridge plan is now proving in England, the struggle to achieve the American plan will prove even fiercer and more difficult, and that if it is achieved at all, it will only be through being made the issue of the next presidential election.

The plan is in the form of a report from the National Resources Planning Board (NRPB))to President Roosevelt, which the President has in turn submitted to Congress. In that sense it is like the whole stream of reports from investigating, administrative and research agencies that flow into the congressional hamper, are published in forbidding-looking government pamphlets, are given a casual reading and then allowed to rest on the musty shelves of libraries. Thus far no legislation embodying the recommendations of the report has been drawn up and submitted to Congress. The whole thing is still in what might seem an academic stage.

Yet in its potentials it is far from academic. It contains political dynamite that could blast the log-jam which is today the domestic New Deal program. It contains a whole armory of economic weapons that can be used in the "post-war period." I put quotes around the term because on one front there must always be war and there can never be an armistice—the war against destitution and insecurity, and against the blight and corrosion of the moral and creative faculties that proceed from them.

In that sense the report is "revolutionary," to use again a term much overworked today both by reactionary alarmism and wishful radicalism. It is revolutionary not because it invokes social violence, but because it would make it unnecessary and impossible. It is revolutionary, above all, because it is the product of that conscious forethought about the future which is the essence of planning, and because its planning is more comprehensive than we have ever thus far had from a non-socialist governmental body.

It may fail of adoption—that depends on the American people, upon their courage and clarity and their sense of greatness. But even if it fails this time, the fact that it has been drawn up and presented as an administration proposal, is itself an event. A plan for post-war jobs and security is here presented to the people not as a slogan of some fascist adventurer, nor as the dream of academic utopians, but as the plan of the President. That is a fact which, whatever happens to the report in Congress and at the polls, is already a crucial and inseparable part of history.

2.

It is a charter for a post-war America. It falls roughly into two broad divisions. One is a program for post-war social security. The other is a program for a post-war economic structure. The first places a floor under the economic fortunes of the individual and the family, below which they cannot fall. The second forms the scaffolding for further social construction, and aims to give the American people what deeply and traditionally they want far more than charity—a chance at a job, a creative chance to show what each person has in him, a chance to be free from crushing monopolies and from the dark shadow of concentrated economic power which forms a state within a state.

But it is worth emphasizing that, despite its scope and despite its assumption that public aid and government assistance and control in industry are long-term needs, this is a *post-war* program primarily. Its social-security section is geared to the needs of the returning soldier and his family. Its economic-control section is geared to the needs of demobilizing a war economy, and converting it from wartime to peacetime uses.

This too is new. We have fought many wars in the part, and two of them have even been fought according to a rough approximation at an economic and social plan. But we have never before planned a post-war economy.

There is every reason why we should. The returning soldiers will want it. They have already said so, in unmistakable terms and by an overwhelming majority. The Division of Special Services of the army, under General Osborn, has conducted careful polls among the American soldiers, to find out what they are thinking about. The results leave no doubt. The myth is now being carefully spread that soldiers don't think about anything, and that all they care about it getting back to normalcy and a piece of apple pie. If it were true, this would be a convenient truth for those whose greatest fear is that the war will disturb the *status quo ante*. But the pick of American youth, whom we have sent into the fighting services, are not dull clods—killing machines that kill and die casually. The

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army polls show that most soldiers ask two questions: What are our war aims? Will we have jobs when we come back?

You will notice that one question is what we call "spiritual" or "idealistic," and that the other is "materialistic." And by asking both, the soldiers show that their innate good sense goes beyond rhetoric and philosophy. There is no basic clash here: there is, in fact (as in all questions of mind and matter) an organic unity. Each is a phase of the other. When a man dies or kills he wants it to be for something important—and what is more important than the work that sustains life and values that give life its meaning?

We made a searing mistake after the First World War. We blindfolded our eyes and walked backward into the future. We did not understand that the future is not there ready-made for us to walk into, that it must first be created with the same straining for mastery by which victory in war is won. We thought that wars were over when hostilities cease. We did not understand that wars are not over until the social tensions out of which they arise have been resolved. Hence all that we won was a twenty-year armistice.

The inter-war period was the blackest in American history since the chaotic Reconstruction days that followed the Civil War. No effort was made to ease the shock of demobilization by the techniques of transition. It was like plunging from a scalding bath into an icy pool. There was no planned supervision of the process of reconversion of industry. There was no control of the making of either capital goods or consumers' goods. Labor standards fell, and the labor movement was dealt a blow from which it did not recover for fifteen years. Government-built munitions plants became the easy spoils of the big monopolies which the war industries had helped develop. The railroads went back to a situation that managed by some magic to combine chaos with stagnation. The farmers were abandoned to mortgages, "farm relief" and the oscillations of a "putty" price market. The country followed Warren Harding "back to normalcy"—which meant an uncontrolled boom followed by an uncontrolled depression. Confusion was king, and irresponsibility was his prime minister.

I do not say that the techniques of control developed during the war were wholly and forever gone. They were left as a residue in our national memory—to be reinvoked by President Roosevelt when he came into office in the dire time of depression. Meanwhile a decade and a half were lost, and we had to start again under far greater difficulties because of the interval of chaos, the drastic reduction of national income and capital goods, and the whittling away of democratic confidence that had been accomplished by the years of insecurity.

The soldiers and their families do not know this articulately and in detail. But they know it in their own way, by an intuition that pierces to the heart of historical scholarship.

3.

The part of the NRPB that can most easily be dramatized is the part dealing with social security—with long-range work and relief policies. It was drawn up by a committee with William Haber as chairman, with other members like Will Alexander, Corrington Gill, Monsignor Haas, and Fred Hoehler, and with Eveline Burns as director of research. As a report it is dry and matter-of-fact, no doubt deliberately so. It lacks the political and philosophic sweep of the Beveridge Report. Yet in its proposals it can stand up against its British counterpart pretty well. I say it can be most easily dramatized because the idea of social security—"from cradle to grave," as Beveridge put it—it is a simple idea, without subtleties and with a deep appeal to the craving for security. What it amounts to is the social-service state.

This part of the plan falls easily into three sections with three aims. One is "jobs for all"—and if private enterprise cannot provide them, then the guarantee of them by governmental work programs. The second is continuity of income through the social insurances—disability insurance, unemployment compensation and old-age and survivors' insurance. The third is "public assistance" of a comprehensive and miscellaneous character—medical care and public health, employment exchanges and training services, free school lunches for all children, and a guarantee (through federal aid) of educational opportunities for all regardless of income. The fiscal parts of the plan provide a division of burden between the state and federal governments, with the assumption of ultimate responsibility by the federal government.

There will be three centers of opposition to this part of the plan. One will be the insurance companies, which in Britain have already shown their power in whittling away the Beveridge plan. The second will be the medical associations and journals, which will cry "socialization of medicine." The third will be the local and clerical school authorities, who will cry "federal control of education." And, of course, I do not omit Congress and the press, which will cry everything that comes into their minds.

But there will be far more opposition to the second part of the plan, having to do not with social security proper but with the broader outlines of the economic system. Here the opposition will not come from scattered sources, but from what Robert Brady has called "business as a system of power."

The economic portion is couched in terms of demobilization of the economy—demobilization of the three aspects of it: men, machines and controls. It is written with sweep and spirit, with here and there a

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flashing phrase, such as "we shall not be content this time to give each man $6 in cash and a ticket home." The part having to do with the demobilization of men was drawn up by a committee of civilians and army officers headed by Floyd Reeves. The rest of it shows all the marks of the thinking of Alvin Hansen and the group around him, and follows the lines suggested in Hansen's NRPB pamphlet "After the War—Full Employment."

I can best convey the gist of it by a rapid summary of its principal proposals: a dismissal wage for soldiers and for factory workers; government supervision of the process of industrial reconversion to peacetime uses; the continuation of some war plants and war contracts; government grants for plant rehabilitation; a new RFC or a Federal Development Corporation for stimulating investment in basic industries; low-interest loans to small business concerns needing capital; government research for new processes out of which may come new industries; the opening of channels of investment opportunity, by governmental intervention where necessary; the temporary retention after the war of many of the war economic controls, including the allocation of scarce raw materials, priorities on construction goods, the rationing of consumers' goods, especially durable ones, and the price controls to avoid a post-war inflation; the expansion of peacetime-goods production; the guarding of labor standards and the strict enforcement of protective labor legislation and collective bargaining; the retention in government hands of the property and patents of enemy aliens; the enforcement of anti-trust laws and the encouragement of competition; a set of fiscal policies providing a five-point program which will "complement and supplement private enterprise"; and the initiation of a large public-works program. This last would involve the rebuilding and replanning of cities, the modernizing and consolidating of the transportation system; the development of energy resources including hydro-electric power on the TVA model and rural electrification, the development and control of national water resources, land development and conservation, and federal housing projects.

4.

I put it in this summary fashion because only thus can one get a sense of its sweep and boldness. I know that there will still be some on the Left who will attack it as not going far enough and not reaching to the root of the economic problem. No doubt a socialist government would have gone farther. But this is not a socialist government, and within the limits of a regulated and controlled capitalism the plan has courage and scope and integrity.

Cutting across both parts of the plan are certain crucial features: First, the economy it envisages is neither an uncontrolled "free market" economy, nor is it monolithic. It is a mixed economy, using a whole variety of controls. Second, we have for the first time a plan that really aims at full utilization of men, machines and resources. Third, it does not flinch from the first imperative of the state—the provision of comprehensive social security. Fourth, it understands that between total war and the enduring basis of peace there must be a transition stage. Fifth, it is a plan that is an organic whole, and that cannot easily be separated into fragments by a pick-and-choose process. Sixth, it envisages the problems of demobilized war-industry workers, as well as demobilized soldiers. Seventh, it understands that government must be a partner for good with management and labor. Eighth, it neither seeks to stifle private enterprise nor glorify it, but puts it on its mettle, gives it assistance, and—where it fails—supplements or supplants it. Ninth, it provides for centralization of authority along with decentralization of administration. It does not shirk the problems of state-federal relations nor the jungle of fiscal jurisdictions. But it does not allow the confusion of a system of federalism to paralyze what the nation as a whole has to do. Tenth, it is primarily based in its economic theory on the Keynes-Hansen school of thinking; but it avoids some of the dangers of that school by not pinning everything on fiscal and spending and investment control, and by emphasizing that public works must be directed not toward destructive purposes and a war economy, but toward socially useful and creative purposes.

Above all else, it recognizes that the young people are the base on which the American future will have to be built, and that we cannot allow them to doubt our good faith, nor to despair of the economic effectiveness of a democracy, nor to be shut off from access to the stream of thinking and living and work-experience that we call education.

5.

Of course this plan will be attacked, and the attacks have already begun in Congress. The cry will be raised that it is "politics." The cry will be raised that it represents the intrusion of "social reform" into a war situation. The cry will be raised that it is "revolution." The cry will be raised that it is "bureaucracy." Those will be, in rhetorical terms, the four main charges it will have to meet. And along with the attacks there will be the concurrent (and not necessarily contradictory) strategy of giving it the "silent treatment."

The greater danger, however, lies not in these attacks but in the possibility that the administration will be frightened off by them, and will not really push the plan. The grave danger is that, having willed the vision, the administration may fail to will the power that is needed to enact the vision. The first entrance

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of the plan into the arena of discussion was rather bleak and forbidding. It was not dramatized, there were no slogans that would catch the imagination of the people, there was no attempt to line up congressional leaders behind the program.

But it would be folly to conclude from this and this alone that the President's heart is not in the plan. That may be true—although if it were, it would be difficult to see why he bothered with it at all. But thus far, on the facts, it is not necessarily true. The President has shown himself in the past a master tactician. He may prefer to let the country digest the plan, and the Opposition worry over it. There are still sixteen months before the conventions and twenty before the elections—and an unknown number before the end of the war.

The plan will have hard sledding in Congress and the press. Those who defend the existing structure of power have that structure of power to use and to fight with. And they will use it to the full. But in the end, if the President has the energy and will, he cannot be beaten on it. Anyone who means this program and bases himself on it will have a greater appeal to the hearts and minds and imaginations of the people of America than any statesman in the past has had.

What we have is a weapon to win the war with, and to win the peace with. The question is whether we will use it. What we have is a force that can meet and block and overcome the reactionary wave that in the past months has seemed to be sweeping over America. The time to organize and use that force is now.

MAX LERNER

Russia, Germany and the Peace

Dangers of a Third World War

SEVERAL DARK SQUALLS have recently ruffled the waters of Soviet-American relations. One was the isolationist comment in this country concerning Stalin's order of the day to the Red Army on the occasion of its birthday. One was Admiral Standley's impulsive statement about the Soviet government's alleged failure to publish the facts of lend-lease aid. One was the hint in Vice President Wallace's Columbus speech that there is an unfortunate possibility that this country may "double-cross" Russia.

Each of these incidents may easily be brushed aside. It is ridiculous that anybody should have been worried because Stalin told the Red Army it was for defensive purposes only. Imagine the outcry which would have arisen if he had told it that it was an army of conquest! The unchanging theme of Soviet propaganda to its own people and army, as to the rest of the world, has for years been to condemn imperialism and military conquest, and to urge the building of strength against attack by others. This no more means that Stalin will make a separate peace with Hitler as soon as he has driven the Nazis across the border than the non-militarist tradition of the United States means that we will make a separate peace with the Axis as soon as Japan is blasted out of the Philippines and the Aleutians.

What Admiral Standley said was not literally true when he said it; it was promptly disavowed by Undersecretary Welles; and the next day the Moscow radio put a detailed account of lend-lease on the air.

Nobody, not even Mr. Wallace, believes that there is the slightest danger of our double-crossing Russia by failing to exert our full force against the Nazis until their regime is destroyed. This is the sense in which Mr. Willkie and others who deplored it seem to have taken the remark.

Yet each of these incidents represents something much deeper. Each is premonitory of a storm that may bring shipwreck if we do not carefully lay our course to avoid it.

American Suspicion of Russia.—There are a great many people in the United States, as in the rest of the world, who fear and distrust the Soviet Union because it is the living representative of a socialist state. The fact that its prowess in arms is so great, that the industrial success which lies behind that prowess is now so unmistakably proved, and that the essential unity of its people in support of the regime is being so magnificently demonstrated, will serve to strengthen the fear, rather than to weaken it, once the common enemy is disposed of. Even though the suspicion that Stalin will make a separate peace is absurd, these people are not easily going to accept the Soviet Union as a reliable friend and partner after the war is won.

There are others in this country, smaller in number but better informed and in a few cases so situated at present as to influence governmental action, who, while they have no animus against socialism, are implacably hostile to Communist doctrine and tactics, as they have seen these qualities demonstrated in the Stalin dictatorship and in the practices of Communist Parties in other countries. Their hostility sometimes amounts to an obsession in its bitterness and unwillingness to compromise. To understand it we need only recall the factional struggles on the Left which occurred in the years immediately preceding the war. And we need only re-

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member the eagerness of some orthodox Socialists and followers of Trotsky to apply the Red smear to any progressive or liberal who ever had a good word to say for the Soviet Union—an eagerness which gave substantial support to Diesism before the war and does so even to this day.

The Vice President was not, therefore, talking irresponsible nonsense when he warned of the danger of a lack of clear understanding with Russia.

The appeasement policy which led up to the war was motivated largely by the fear that if the Fascists and Nazis fell, the Communists would step in. There is reason to believe that the more recent appeasement policy in relation to Vichy, Franco, North Africa, Italy, the Vatican and points east, is a first cousin to that of the Cliveden set. Those who promote it because of hostility to communism do not, to be sure, want to protect Hitler and his minions. But any conservative government—even that of a Fascist Franco—would doubtless seem to them better than a truly representative one which, however democratic, might allow scope for Communist collaboration. Such democratic regimes were, of course, the Front Populaire in France and the Spanish Republic.

If this tendency is allowed to have its way, we may find at the peace table a bloc of states, supported by this country, which will not only wish to deny to the Soviet Union the strategic frontiers which it will regard as essential to its future protection, but will strive to build up a new "cordon sanitaire" of anti-Bolshevist buffer states, and may even, after the dissolution of the Nazis, connive at the erection of a newly powerful Germany as an essential element in the balance of power, a nation in which the old military caste will have a chance to resume its accustomed role.

It is no diplomatic indiscretion to discuss these matters, in spite of our present need for Allied unity. Berlin is well aware of them, and is making all the capital out of them it can, just as it did before the war. Moscow is equally well aware of them, since they are no secret from anybody, and Stalin will be prepared to act according to developments.

Russian Suspicion of the West. – Admiral Standley's indiscretion was caused, not so much by American suspicion of Russia as by Russia's suspicion of America. American military men have long been irritated by the failure of the Red Army to share its military secrets, to allow full scope to our attachés. An ambassador's access to Stalin, immured in the Kremlin, is far from easy, and in a dictatorship when one talks to lieutenants in the Foreign Office or elsewhere one often gets little satisfaction. Every visitor in Russia feels the almost pathological suspicion which orthodox Communists entertain for foreigners as capitalist representatives, as well as for any citizen of their own country who may be suspected of bourgeois contamination or possible hostility to the regime. Like so many impromptu outbursts, our ambassador's remark was probably a vehicle for much that he did not say.

It is a basic article of the Communist creed that the "capitalist-imperialist" states will try to destroy the revolution in the country of its birth. The early experience of the regime confirmed this theory. When that attempt failed, the Communist leadership sacrificed everything else to prepare for the next assault. The fact that it came from Germany and that the Soviet Union is now allied with capitalist states against Germany does not make Russia any less apprehensive of possible future moves by her present allies.

The Soviet Union will of course gladly accept all assurances of friendship; it now has a twenty-year alliance with Great Britain. If one can judge by its past record, it will keep its promises. Self-interest alone would prompt it not to incite the hostility which it fears. But the Marxist method of thought is to forecast people's actions not by their promises but by their class interests, and nations' actions not by their treaties but by their class structures. Stalin will judge us not by what President Roosevelt says but by the tendency of what we do. Any development of the tendency which Mr. Wallace deplores will be watched in Russia with suspicious and cynical eyes, ready to believe the worst.

What, for instance, do you suppose the Russians, who spent blood and arms to prevent Franco's fascism from assuming power in Spain, will make of the proud announcement by Ambassador Hayes that we are letting Franco Spain have more petroleum products than the inhabitants of our own Eastern seaboard? What do they think about our collaboration with Vichyites in North Africa, who a few months ago were securely tied to Hitler's chariot? What do they make of the trip of Archbishop Spellman to Madrid and the Vatican? However innocent or blundering these moves may be, the Communist mind is sure to weave them into a sinister pattern.

What Will the German Military Do? – A subject of equal importance, but one less discussed in public, is the policy which will be adopted by the Prussian military caste to survive and come back at the appropriate time, in order to renew their centuries-old fight for power. This is a tenacious and long-headed group which knows only one mode of life—autocratic rule, pursued by ruthless intrigue and war. Though sometimes defeated, it has never disappeared. It will certainly not come out of the present war without a line of action calculated in due course to produce World War III.

This caste knows no fundamental loyalty except to itself. It threw aside the Hohenzollerns in order to avoid complete rout. It worked inside the Weimar Republic to nourish military power back to life through the medium of the Reichswehr. It utilized the Nazis to

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expand that power and gain ascendency. When Germany is defeated, or perhaps even when defeat is only in sight, it will slough them off and try to find a new host. Those who accuse the German people as a whole of being incurably aggressive, and those who try to prove that all of German culture is paranoid, are making a tragic oversimplification. But those who believe that Europe can have no assurance of peace until the Prussian military caste is finally liquidated are talking sense.

In order to circumvent your enemy, it is important to try to see through his eyes and guess what he will do. Nothing is more obvious than that the Prussian military caste, once it becomes hopeless about this war, will try to find its way out through any rift between the Soviet Union and its allies.

Well informed persons are speculating about what stratagem is likely to be tried. If complete defeat can be prevented, and a compromise or negotiated peace can be arranged, that will of course suit the Prussian military best of all. The United Nations are well aware of this danger; the unconditional-surrender statement at Casablanca was adopted to forestall it. But what policy would be the resort of the caste in a final extreme?

Some think that the German military leaders would turn toward Russia. There is a good deal of precedent for this expectation—notably the German-Soviet pact at the beginning of this war. Such a pact would naturally be an armed truce, to be broken at the first opportunity just as it was last time, if Germany possessed sufficient military power. On this account Russia might well be wary of it—though she might accept it, as before, to gain time or to improve her frontiers. But if German military power were temporarily destroyed, a quite different line might be taken.

In that case the German officers might go so far as to incite or at least permit a Communist revolution in their own country, which would automatically bring union with the Soviets. They have long thought about the impregnable combination of a European "heartland" which would unite German industry and technical skill with the inexhaustible natural resources and manpower of Russia. In this war an attempt was made to achieve it by conquest—an attempt that they may well have regarded as foolhardy, under the circumstances. But if the union could be created politically, they might count on Germany to become, by virtue of her position and relative advancement, the tail which would wag the dog. They themselves would play on the Western opposition which would be aroused, in order to gain military command of the union. They would have no particular objection either to communism or to a dictatorship, as long as they could win the power to rule it.

Others believe that this is too long a jump even for the Prussians, and that Stalin is too shrewd to play that kind of chess. A communist Germany would be so embarrassing to him that it might be the last thing he would welcome. Even if it came, the Soviet secret police would waste no time in liquidating any possible competitors for rule. According to this opinion, the Prussian militarists would see much the better opportunity in coming to terms with the enemies of communism in Britain and especially in the United States. Even if this were impossible at the moment, there might be plenty of opportunity for it within the next quarter-century.

Neither of these courses need be an exclusive alternative. Given the opportunity, the German military will simultaneously play on Western fear of Russia, and on Russian fear of the West, in order to make a place for itself somewhere between.

How to Avoid the Danger.—The British, I believe, have almost unanimously come to the conclusion that the danger of a new world war would arise from failure to solve the German problem, not from Russia. They are almost certainly right. And the only way even to begin to make sure that the source of trouble in Germany can be controlled is the closest possible cooperation between the Soviet Union and the Western powers. This would probably involve agreement, before the war is ended, about Russia's frontiers, collective security, the future of Germany and the reconstitution of a free Europe. It would be aided also by planning for international economic policies and institutions in which the Soviet Union might participate, or which at least would not conflict with the needs of its internal economy. It would require a definite abandonment of imperialism, political or economic.

In spite of mutual suspicion, there is no insuperable obstacle to this coöperation. The plans of the Soviet Union are of course to be forecast, not idealistically, but on the basis of its own interests and mode of thinking. It is not avid for *Lebensraum*. It does want territory which it regards as historically Russian, and which it covets mainly for strategic protection against attack. It has sincerely renounced imperialism, which it believes is doomed. In both theory and practice it opposes the further extension of communism by military conquest. It believes rather that communism will come elsewhere by the breakdown of existing regimes and the revolt of domestic proletariats under Communist leadership. But it does not believe that such revolutions can be successful unless the existing regimes are already bankrupt.

Great Britain and the United States have long since given up any idea of attacking the Soviet regime in Russia, and this war ought to convince Stalin that they would hardly be foolhardy enough to try it. These nations can, if they will, prove by their action in the peace that they are not relying on Germany to do it either. Once there were no formidable enemies on Rus-

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sia's frontiers, traditional Marxist suspicion would have little to feed on. The Western nations can protect themselves against Communist intrigue only by keeping their economies going concerns and fulfilling the aims of the Atlantic Charter. If they do this, it will be difficult to get very far with Red scares in the West. If they do not do it, revolutionary changes are likely to proceed from sources nearer home than Moscow.

What we have to fear most of all is that the obsession of those who entertain irrational fears of communism will trick us into taking measures of supposed protection which will be so vulnerable that they will invite not only communism but war as well. The task of protecting democracy against its enemies both on the Right and the Left will be accomplished not by abandoning democracy either here or in Europe, but by fulfilling it.

Washington GEORGE SOULE

North Africa After Vichy

This report on the unwholesome North African political situation—one of the most revealing yet passed by army censorship—was written by Joseph G. Harrison before General Giraud's recent speech promising restoration of republican principles in France. We do not believe that any of the basic issues discussed in the article have been altered by the General's speech. Mr. Harrison has been with the United States Army in North Africa for several months as a correspondent for The Christian Science Monitor. – THE EDITORS

TODAY French North Africa holds an importance for the world in general and Europe in particular which is out of all proportion to its size, population and past activities. It is an area which all of us who are concerned not only with the immediate course of the war but also with the question of post-war European peace might do well to watch closely. We know that its influence on the former will undoubtedly be great. It is not so generally recognized, however, that the same may be true of its effect upon the latter.

Although the question has not been widely discussed, many of the best informed European and American observers here believe that the post-war government of France can be greatly, if not decisively, influenced by the type of administration that evolves in French North Africa during the coming months. They point out that the North African leaders will be firmly established on the only piece of metropolitan French soil (Algeria is legally and politically an integral part of European France) at present not occupied by the Axis; that these men will have created a smooth working political machine, and that they will have control of the only independent and strong French armed forces in the world, other than the limited ones of the Fighting French under Gen. Charles de Gaulle.

Many of these French leaders, it is felt here, are strong-willed, ambitious and clever. It would occasion considerable surprise if they did not attempt to play a major role in the recreation of the French government which is to follow this war. Nor would it be wise to assume that they will not be able to do just that. Since this is so, one is justified in examining French North Africa with a view to its possible future effect upon one of the great world powers.

It is safe to say that most persons arriving in North Africa from either the United States or Great Britain are unprepared for what they find here. They had generally supposed that the dominant French population would be overjoyed at being once again free to fight for the liberation of France, that political figures and parties would have succeeded in forming a united front for the same purpose and that the Allies would be universally looked upon as saviors from an Italo-German oppressor who was bleeding the region white. Such has not been the case.

While it is extremely difficult and hazardous to attempt to define the attitude of any large body of persons, particularly when that body has been living under abnormal conditions for some two and one-half years, one would not be far wrong in describing North Africa as apathetic. Of course, North Africans want to see France free again. It is also true that some progress has been made toward political consolidation among factions. And there is little doubt but that the great majority of individuals would rather have Americans and British in North Africa than Germans and Italians.

But such facts are obvious and to be expected. What is not so apparent, at least from a distance, is that the European population of Algeria, Morocco and Tunisia is amazingly disinclined to do anything strenuous or decisive about winning the war. In fact, there is no lack of evidence that many persons here have been annoyed by the war's having been brought to their front yard. Lulled by propaganda from Vichy, more effective here than in any other part of France or her Empire, convinced that other persons were doing their fighting for them, and having a colonial-authoritarian, rather than a democratic, background, numerous North Africans were rudely startled when their uneasy existence of two and one-half years of non-belligerency was broken on November 7.

Although in virtually no case has this feeling led to an open or active opposition to the Allies, it has con-

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tributed to a certain inertia which has not been beneficial to the United Nations' cause in this area.

It has become the practice here to have small Anglo-Franco-American parades through the streets of Algiers. It is enlightening to watch the reactions of the civilian spectators. There is little enthusiasm despite the stirring music of the Foreign Legion band. The French contingent receives a moderate amount of handclapping, and there are scattered cheers when the American and British flags go by—nothing more. This is a somewhat disturbing phenomenon when one remembers that the fate of France depends so largely upon the forces represented in the parade.

There can be little doubt that the steady and pernicious stream of defeatist propaganda which has poured out of Vichy since the Fall of France must bear a large share of the blame for this. And in certain subtle ways this propaganda is still making itself felt here. Everywhere—in stores, cafés, public buildings and hotel lobbies—one is confronted with various-sized portraits of Marshal Pétain and with the slogan, "Work, Family, Country," which the aged French Chief of State has attempted to substitute for the traditional "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." One also finds large placards entitled "Words of the Chief," in which the Marshal sets forth his program for France —a program which emphasizes submission to defeat rather than resistance to Nazi tyranny.

It is probable that this immense respect for Marshal Pétain stems, to a considerable extent, from a personal regard for the victor of Verdun and a nostalgia for the France that was. It certainly does not extend to Pierre Laval and it is not at all certain that it signifies approval of Franco-German collaboration. But it does create an atmosphere uncongenial to the growth of democracy and out of line with the principles of the Atlantic Charter.

One thing that is certain is that the Fighting French movement of General de Gaulle remains extremely weak in French North Africa. It has won few converts among the civilian or military population and before the Allied occupation virtually all persons suspected of de Gaullist sympathies were harshly dealt with, many being sent to concentration camps. Instead of applauding General de Gaulle for courageously having left France to continue the struggle, the feeling here still seems to be that he deserted the country in the hour of its greatest need.

Political power here is concentrated in the hands of a small circle of individuals, almost all of whom, with the exception of Gen. Henri Giraud, were onetime Vichy "collaborationists." It is around this group and General Giraud's attitude toward it that the present North African riddle centers. Is Giraud, like Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, making use of these individuals only for the time being and because of the recognized lack of other talent, or does he, too, share some of their clouded views on democracy?

Foremost among these French figures are Marcel Peyrouton, Governor-General of Algeria; Jean Bergeret, Secretary-General to General Giraud for civilian affairs; and Charles Noguès, Resident-General for Morocco. Every one of these individuals is open to the gravest suspicion when one attempts to assess his attitude toward democracy, liberal reform and post-war reconstruction. Without exception, each one of them has at one time or another shown that his principles are radically different from those which many of us hope are now animating the United Nations.

Another angle of the French North African tangle which should be closely watched is the continued social influence and undisturbed position of a fairly large number of "the best families" which a few months ago were openly fawning upon and supporting the Axis. They are now fraternizing intimately with a number of the higher Allied military and diplomatic leaders, and while this cannot be expected to have a detrimental effect upon the immediate war effort, one cannot help but wonder what its effect may be upon certain influential American and British diplomats after the war.

Except in the matter of concentration-camp prisoners, who have been forcd to live under conditions which Secretary-General Bergeret himself admitted were miserable, and whom the American authorities have succeeded in getting released in large numbers, the Allies are still keeping their hands off internal North African affairs. While this has resulted in the consolidation of political power in the hands of the chosen few, it has undeniably meant a greater stability in North Africa—an absolute necessity during the period of Allied consolidation.

It is apparent that the men now in charge of French North African affairs do not view the present war as a chance to make the many needed changes in this part of the world. Although the administration has created a permanent economic council, whose job it is to originate projects which General Giraud and M. Peyrouton can either accept or reject, it would come as a stunning surprise if this, or any other move originated by the men now in power, should result in a marked betterment of the truly appalling conditions of a large part of the native population. While the fatalism of the Islamic religion may be partly to blame, it is a shame upon France that many thousands of natives walk the beautiful streets of Algiers barefooted and in filthy rags. Here, as elsewhere in the world, it is to the benefit of certain individuals that such conditions exist, but many Allied soldiers wonder if the result of their fighting will be to preserve or restore a system which tolerates such abysmal poverty.

The shortage of food, which lies behind some of the native and European discontent here, is being remedied slowly by shipments from the United States and

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Britain. It will also improve of itself now that the rich harvests of North Africa can be devoted to feeding the peoples here and not be drained off to Germany. The problem of adequately clothing the civilian population will be a more difficult one. Fortunately, only light clothing is needed except during the depth of winter.

From the very beginning the attitude of North Africans toward the Americans and British has been what military authorities would call "correct." They have accepted the work given them, put up with food queues and blackouts and generally managed to adapt their lives to the changed order. A number of qualified observers with whom I have spoken, however, believe that it would have been the same had the Germans taken over and that, while the Allies are preferred, the Axis would have been accepted.

In the matter of coöperation from the French political and military chiefs, the Allies are getting just about what they asked for in the beginning. Having accepted the proposition of continued French rule over internal affairs and over the French military and naval establishment, General Eisenhower and his staff had to be ready to put up with a certain degree of independence by the French. Despite this independence, it is obvious that coöperation between the two groups is increasing, that the French of North Africa are stepping up their aid to the Allies and that a better basis of understanding is being reached.

French troops, which for political reasons had hoped to be able to operate independently despite the fact that they were hopelessly unprepared to do so, are now almost entirely under Allied control and have fought bravely and well. Some remnants of the French Air Force, which, like the French Navy, appears to have been somewhat anti-British, are now being gradually brought into battle, although they can provide only an infinitesimal aid to the combined Anglo-American air arm.

The French authorities here, somewhat against their own wishes it would appear, have also given in to the Americans and British on the question of the release of political, racial and other special types of prisoners. All Jews, Free Masons and de Gaullists have been released, as have a considerable number of Communists. At the time this is being written, international negotiations are under way to provide for the release and transfer abroad of the three thousand or more Spanish Republican refugees, now interned in concentration camps.

The tendency among Americans and Britons who have been in North Africa from the start of the Allied occupation is to accept General Giraud at his face value, to credit his statements that he is interested only in getting on with the war and that when peace comes it will be up to all free Frenchmen to chose the type of government they want. Furthermore, General Giraud has gone out of his way publicly to commend General de Gaulle for his long fight, and it is reliably reported that the former is willing to go further in the matter of joining forces than is the latter.

There is reason to believe that—from the influential North African's point of view—General Giraud is the most acceptable man who could have been found for his present job. He is exceptionally popular because of his war record and romantic escape. On the other hand, he is sympathetic to many of the ideas held by the wealthy landowners here.

Despite his autocratic manner, it is not felt that General Giraud is likely to carry his personal dictatorship over into the post-war period. The most that has been said against him is that he has put into office men whose desire for personal power is unhealthily great and who were never numbered among the stanch supporters of French democracy.

It is argued, however, that there were and are no other men of administrative experience and ability available, that it was necessary to reorganize French North Africa for war with the utmost haste and that some of these individuals had held positions of trust under pre-war French governments.

Regardless of how one looks at it, the situation in French North Africa is dubious from a political point of view. It can stand a lot of searching scrutiny in view of the fact that it can have such a strong effect upon the type of government to be adopted by the mother country.

JOSEPH G. HARRISON
With the United States Army in North Africa

Everything Is Named for Dreams

Everything is named for dreams,
For fictions, hopes and fears,
Space is God; the brawling flood
Of time is days and years.
Everything is named for dreams,
Since naming first was started,
Pacific for the fearful sea,
Good Hope for the uncharted;
Glory for error and for shame,
Art for the midnight cry,
Philosophy the questioning,
Piety the sigh.

While the tempest in man's heart
Tears him and all he loves apart,
And the hawk's look in the lark,
The soldier's in the saint,
The stranger in the loved one's face
Can make the heart grow faint,
While here, upon this planet where
Violence gives the rose its hue,
Fictions spur the dreamer on—
And truth is dreaming, too.

TOM BOGGS

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Washington Notes

The Smearing of David Ginsburg

THE PAST WASHINGTON WEEK has been memorable. It brought Anthony Eden across the ocean. And it brought a New York Times interview with Gov. John W. Bricker of Ohio. Let us deal with the latter first.

Mr. Bricker, it turns out, is not an isolationist at all, oh dear no, he favors something quite different, international "coöperation—without commitments." An eminent Republican Governor can go far on such a program—look at Harding. Mr. Bricker would rather you looked at McKinley, for some reason. Indeed, if the Ohio executive is defeated ultimately from his dearest wish, sitting in the White House, it may be because of two words, the declaration that he is an "honest Harding." To this has now been added a cruel new proposed Bricker campaign slogan, "Back to subnormalcy."

This matter of commitments, I understand, is one of the things bringing dapper Mr. Eden to Washington; a belief that if Russia is not hitched definitely into Anglo-American post-war plans within the next five or six months, it will be too late; Russia must then look to her own security. The trouble is that America has a record of declining these very international "commitments" Bricker opposes, and more particularly that there is no really satisfactory way under our scheme of things to guarantee Russia, or Britain, for that matter, any continuing post-war support. The undercover situation is so serious that a senatorial Republican group may soon sponsor a resolution putting Congress on record as willing to support post-war coöperation and mutual security. Friends almost persuaded ex-isolationist Bennett Clark of Missouri to sponsor such a resolution, but he thought twice about it (always a dangerous thing for Mr. Clark to do) and has gone off on a tangent. But two prominent conservative Republican Senators, I understand, contemplate it.

Congress last week almost unanimously passed a year's lend-lease extension and got from Mr. Roosevelt, with his indorsement, the Resources Planning Board's monumental report on social-security extension and post-war planning. However, for me, personally, it was not these great matters but a minor affair, affecting only one man, that had the strongest impact in the past Washington week. This was the smear attack on David Ginsburg, recently resigned OPA general counsel, as an alleged "draft-dodger." I think it is important because it tells so much of the present mood in Washington.

I do not know young Mr. Ginsburg personally, but I have followed his career in the long, uphill and ultimately successful fight at Leon Henderson's right hand to get price-control legislation through a bitterly opposed, or at least apathetic, Congress. Ginsburg, of course, is not a draft-dodger; as a married man he has been, until recently, exempt; and in addition Mr. Henderson informed the draft board that he was a necessary man in the defense program, though Ginsburg himself never asked for deferment.

Leon Henderson was ousted chiefly by pressure groups, and in a letter on January 19, Ginsburg presented his own resignation to Prentiss Brown, Henderson's successor. He declined to withdraw it.

The campaign to smear Ginsburg started after his resignation, when an anti-administration newspaper charged, in effect, that the OPA general counsel was running to cover through a colonelcy in the army. Reps. Clare Hoffman and Eugene Cox beat their breasts in a House field day, while John W. Flannagan (D) of Virginia shouted, "I don't want any Ginsburg placed in charge of my boy," later omitting the word "any" in his corrected remarks.

Stung to indignation by the attacks, Prentiss Brown described Ginsburg as "one of the main factors in holding the price line" and as "the best informed man in OPA," and simultaneously released something that had not been previously divulged, Ginsburg's own prophetic letter of resignation of last January.

"Your job," he wrote to Mr. Brown, at that time, "is tougher than you think. Time will reveal this. . . . Directly or indirectly, sooner or later, every organized special-interest and pressure group in the country will brings its power to bear on you—first by what will appear to be appeals to reason, then by threats and, if need be, by force. Every decision which affects them adversely will come to be challenged before you, or the Congress, or the public, as a threat to the war effort or the public interest perpetrated by a college professor or an inexperienced young lawyer. . . . They will try to divide you from your staff, and then try to undermine you and your staff separately."

In order to strengthen Mr. Brown, and the OPA, Ginsburg explained that it would be wiser if he withdrew himself from the picture. The OPA was vulnerable, if not defective, he explained. "My own position illustrates this second kind of problem, and that's what I want to bring to your attention.

"I combine in myself almost every handicap that can be brought to an important public office in a war agency in January, 1943. I am a New Deal Democrat; I am a Jew; and I am young—thirty-one in April. As a result of my youth, incidentally, I shall almost certainly be attacked as a draft-dodger. This would hurt me fearfully, and hurt many others who are unknown to me."

Mr. Ginsburg proudly recalled that he had labored for the OPA for two-and-a-half years, seven days a week, and that it was now for the OPA's sake, reluctantly and sorrowfully, that he proposed to withdraw, because of his obviously "vulnerability."

Well, Ginsburg is out, and there is no particular medal he can receive for what he has done. Lister Hill, in the Senate, showed that Ginsburg had never asked draft deferment and that before the House storm broke he had already had himself put on the regular draft rolls. He had not sought to become a colonel; the army had wanted to make him a captain to get his valuable services.

Because of the attack it is probable that he will start army life as a buck private. In his prophetic letter, long before all the trouble started, he showed only too clearly how well he understood Washington. And the months ahead will see the pressure groups squeezing poor Mr. Brown, just as he forecast.

Washington T. R. B.

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A Gentle Mrs. Stowe

Harriet, by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements. Henry Miller's Theatre, March 2, 1943.

ONE OF THE CRITICAL ASPECTS of the new Harriet Beecher Stowe play is the theatre's relation to historical fact and what the theatre can do with history and has every right to do with it.

When I was a young creature in the South I never saw a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; it was taboo, no copy on hand, and we were to understand that it had deeply wronged and offended our people and their cause. By some natural process of reasoning, I concluded, accordingly, that everyone in the North read this book and many swore by it. In due time I came North to live. To my surprise, in all these years, I have never heard but one person in the North mention having actually read the book itself, though I am sure that, among older people especially, there are people alive who once did so. I have observed that many people from seeing the stage versions or the story in films are under a vague impression that they know "Uncle Tom's Cabin" quite thoroughly. In due course, for definite purposes, I read it through.

Mr. Burton Rascoe of The New York World-Telegram, in his finely literate review of "Harriet," says that Mrs. Stowe "happened to write a melodrama, crude and weepy in form and content, which swept the nation and made her famous all over the world." That is exactly true. And to my surprise, when I came to read it, I found "Uncle Tom's Cabin" excessively dated, very much of the epoch—1840, 1850, the early '60's—bombastic, turgid, lurid, something like the Elsie books, derived from the Gothic romances of England, sentimental, gushing, indignant, and laden with the moral reformers' rhetoric of the time. The death of little Eva, for example, is fantastically absurd, even if you are aware of the Victorian hair theme, in bracelets, brooches and death tokens—the dying child lies there snipping off her curls and handing them out to be remembered by, the most "beautiful," she says, of all, to Uncle Tom, who had been so good and so on. It would be an odd sight to see the audience at Miss Hayes's performance if the book and this chapter were brought out on the stage there and read aloud to them.

Nevertheless, we must say for Mrs. Stowe that the great inner gift was there. The book was pretty much made by its fitness to the times; but the author hit on two effective weak points in the slavery system: the fact that one way or another slave families might be scattered, and that the slave might fall into evil hands. To this was added a wordy, emotional, zealous and journalistic impulse and method on the writer's part. All things considered, it is not hard to understand the monumental impact of Mrs. Stowe's book and her enduring reputation.

There is also the Mrs. Stowe who had crying spells and, if I remember right, heard voices after finishing some of her chapters, and at any rate, without going into authentic history, was capable of intense and shall we say hysterical states. And we should note at least one other item. There was the Mrs. Stowe who on her visit to England met not only royalty and Dickens and Thackeray but Lady Byron as well. Lady Byron at that time was still eating heavily and resenting her marital case with Byron, whom scandal, conveyed by her, if by anybody, to the public, had driven to the Continent. Well, Mrs. Stowe came back from England and wrote a whole book about this matter, by then quiescent, of Byron's incest with his half-sister, Augusta, et cetera: a book without humor, meddlesome and resentful. It is a nauseous book, about which I may say that I should hate to have a Freudian analyst turned loose on it.

Well, all this would not matter, taking Miss Hayes's play as it stands, were it not for the fact that something in the nature of the theatre art makes the authors, the producer, the actors and even the audience want to think the whole business a great historical click. They subconsciously, if you like, tickle themselves with the idea that they are being scholarly as well as entertained. It is therefore necessary, for the readers' sake who favor this article, to say that as history this drama "Harriet" has only a pussy-willow, ladies'-magazine relation to history. It is equally necessary, for art's sake, to say that this does not matter at all. Art is long and life is short—*vita brevis*—which is easily proved by the fact that you can, as the play does, misquote Lincoln, muddle the clichés of the Stowe period into modern clichés, puddle up periods as to style, etc., and still have a most engaging little piece.

"Harriet," this new play, is a very agreeable success story, about a charming, sensible, humorous wife who hits on a theme that gets such results as fame, money and acclaim. She marries the vague professor, manages to get back East from Cincinnati, is catapulted into national importance by some writing done in the midst of family pressures, et cetera. She is dismayed by the effect of her book on the nation and the war. Her talk with Lincoln, whom she had first thought of as an intruder, persuades her of the great cause of freedom and of her book's mission. The play then ends with a speech that Harriet makes to the townsmen—outside the window—which is much too long and too obvious; the result would be greatly improved if Miss Hayes would cut it to a few lines and bring the curtain down on the effect as it is now supposed to be, though it falls far short of that and ends in something close to banality—not good enough at all for the performance that Miss Hayes has been giving us.

Since the play goes so pleasantly through history and its argumentative avenues, there would be little sense in trying to assert the verity of such portraits as that of the famous and debated Henry Ward Beecher, of Mrs. Stowe's husband and of other members of the family, much less the violence of the time's issues and their consequences. This play is turned sweetly into history *café au lait*, style of mademoiselle and public simpletons. But it is agreeable drama. Mr. Rhys Williams as Mrs. Stowe's husband gives an almost charming performance; it needs only to be less dumb and more wittily absent-minded. Miss Jane Seymour as the dried virgin old-maid sister is excellent. Mr. William Woodson as the suitor for the various sisters' hands is a promising newcomer. And for Miss Helen Hayes there can be nothing but praise. Within the limits of the role as it is written, Miss Hayes plays with great security, finish and skill; there is a security about her work in this play that comes from true study and aspiration toward the house of dreams. There is also a lovely balance of emotion and good sense in all she does.

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Miss Aline Bernstein's precisely right costume designs, Mr. Lemuel Ayres's settings—handsome and right and never fussy—Mr. Elia Kazan's directing, clean and expert, and the general good taste with which Mr. Gilbert Miller fuses a production, all help to make for a capital, mild evening in the theatre. STARK YOUNG

Young Mr. Pitt

THE ENGLISH FILM, "Young Mr. Pitt," is a costume piece of the late 1700's, featuring the dress of the time but hardly the life inside it, and presenting the historical parallel between England's first defense against a dictator, Napoleon, and the one going on now. What the picture hasn't got most of all is a bloodstream or a heartbeat, either of its own or of William Pitt. It is, actually, hundreds of good-looking, accurate stills, put together with considerable art. Among them are some telling things: the senile vegetables who composed Commons, who could carry on like chattering monkeys when the twenty-four-year-old Pitt showed up as their Prime Minister, and who otherwise ate peanuts when they weren't asleep. There is the elder Pitt's speech in defense of the American Revolution—the only one of a dozen in the movie which catches fire. There is Charles Fox halting his speech to Parliament to ask the hulk next him, "Milord, how's your gout?" and then hurrying on to denounce Pitt without finding out. Best of all, there is that very shrewd, stupid man, George III, taking a bath in a small roped-off square of water at Weymouth (Pitt said that telling George anything was like blowing porridge through a blanket).

The picture, like so many English films, suffers from overrestraint. Billy Pitt, as played by Robert Donat, has a frozen, wide-eyed, pained expression, and a pair of heavy-set legs—and little more. Neither the writing nor the acting here is enough to fill up a biography or make it very much alive. Pitt, it is said, was austere and dignified, but he must have had an occasional fling, depression, period of doubt, boredom or desire (at least it would seem so, considering that his indebtedness for hats alone was six hundred pounds). On the other hand, the picture restrains itself from pointing up any frigid zones in the man, using his only indulgence, an incredible avidity for port, to make him seem more human. The love affair enters the picture with the gutlessness of a Gainsborough painting and then evaporates. Such inconsequence makes the picture fall away throughout. Lord Nelson, though played with a threatening, exciting spark by the late Stephen Haggard, is seen hardly at all, and his battle none.

It is undoubtedly true that drawing parallels in movie histories between a past era and our own negates a lot of important life that was going on outside the strictures of the imposed parallel. (The movie tries to show that England learned, at the time of Napoleon as well as Hitler, that isolation was impractical, and that a conqueror must be stopped some time.) In fact, an important part of Pitt's life, and a part important to audiences now—the about-face of his government from its pre-war liberalism to a wartime reaction, one that squelched all reforms and reformers, the habeas-corpus act, trade unions and anti-slave movements, and permitted child (six-year-old) labor—has been left out. The movie leaves you with the feeling that Britain's war and her troubles stopped at Pitt's death and the battle of Trafalgar. The completely ignoble portrait of Fox—who fought for the civil liberties Pitt repressed—as simply a loose-living, evil man, is inexplicable in any light, historical or otherwise.

But if the picture is somewhat impotent in nearly all ways, it does show Director Carol Reed's eye for pictorial expression, his care and intelligence as to details. The playing, in the cases of George III, Napoleon, Nelson, Fox and Talleyrand is very good. The whole thing proves that Director Reed, who can be superb, as in "The Stars Look Down" and "Night Train," can never be wholly bad, but sometimes dull. And though on the whole dull, this one is interesting in detail. MANNY FARBER

News of Science

THE INTRODUCTION of the electron microscope is one of the most potentially important scientific events of the twentieth century; it climaxes the invention of the optical microscope by Leeuwenhoek more than two hundred and fifty years ago, and the more recent discovery by Zsigmondy of the principle of the ultramicroscope. Its value to biologists, physicians and industrial researchers will be evident when it is pointed out that, whereas the largest effective magnification attainable with an ordinary microscope is about two thousand diameters, the electron microscope makes it possible to enlarge an object to more than sixty thousand diameters.

In terms of what you can see, this means that, for example, a tuberculosis germ, which appears as only a tiny dot in an ultramicroscope, assumes the size and shape of a small sausage in the electron microscope. It means that it is now possible to penetrate to a world of particles so small that they are little larger than molecules themselves. And here is the really crucial fact: it is these infinitesimal particles of matter, which up to now have almost completely eluded the optical microscope, that are involved in the processes most closely related to life—such as tissue oxidation, the action of enzymes and the mechanism whereby living cells are nourished and perpetuated.

It will readily be seen what a tremendously powerful tool this microscope will be in the hands of students of the various death-dealing diseases which still plague the human race. They are now able to study at close range the way in which antitoxins act on the germs they are designed to kill; they can see the behavior of the pneumococcus under the influence of sulfathiazole; they can observe what happens to the spirochete—next to Hitler, perhaps the deadliest enemy of civilization—in the presence of Dr. Ehrlich's famous arsenic compound. Indeed the electron microscope, working hand in hand with the sulfa drugs, promises to bring about the greatest advances in medicine since Galen and Harvey.

The best way to bring home to the non-scientist the power of the electron microscope is to describe the appearance of well known objects seen in it. Photographs have been taken of a tiny portion of the "business" edge of an unused razor blade. The best that the optical microscope can do is indicate a slight roughness, as if a number of very

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small nicks were present; in the electron microscope these nicks become the alternating peaks and valleys of a mountain range! It is almost unbelievable that the edge of such a finely ground and sharpened piece of steel could be so jagged and irregular in contour. Other photographs show that a cotton fiber has a netlike structure; that a cat's whisker has very fine, saw-tooth notches along its sides; and that the lethal spirochete appropriately looks something like a cobra poised to strike.

In addition to its usefulness as an aid to biology and medicine, the electron microscope is of great value to industry, many processes of which involve the structure and behavior of hitherto invisible particles. It is now being applied to the study of the pigments in paints, of latex particles in rubber, of the way in which rosin sizing adheres to paper, and of the crystal structure of metals and their oxides. The tremendous magnifications which it achieves make a particle of magnesium oxide look like a dozen or so cubic blocks of various sizes tumbled about confusedly and attached haphazardly at several points. Carbon-black particles appear like a long necklace of black pearls thrown down at random on a table, intertwining in an intricate and beautiful pattern. Never before has such an astonishing revelation of the architectural beauty of submicroscopic particles been possible. Small wonder that this has been called "the world of neglected dimensions."

It may be of interest to describe in very simple terms how the instrument works. In the first place, it should be mentioned that the electron microscope is not so named because electrons can be seen in it, but because it makes use of the light waves given out by electrons when they pass through a magnetic field. The fundamental principles of optics are the same as those of the ordinary microscope; the essential difference is in the source of the light used. The optical microscope, of course, utilizes normal "white" light, either natural or artificial. But the wave-length of "white" light—about half a micron—establishes the limit below which nothing can be seen, because visibility is made possible only by the reflection of light. An object smaller than the wave-length of the light used to illuminate it obviously cannot reflect any light, and hence cannot be seen. To attempt to see particles less than half a micron in length is like trying to hold sand in a coarse-mesh sieve, or to use a fencepost as a toothpick. Therefore, it is essential to have a kind of light whose wave-length is much shorter than that of ordinary light.

As everyone knows, electrons are the smallest units of matter. Twentieth-century physicists have learned so much about them that they are able to generate them, and to control and direct their flow. They also have discovered that electrons are not only particles of matter, but are actually bundles of energy which give out light waves which are almost inconceivably short—about the "length" of a molecule, if that could be imagined. As these ultra-short waves travel at the same speed as ordinary light waves, they were exactly what was needed for better results than the optical microscope could give. The stream of electrons used in the electron microscope originates in a high-voltage electrical generator; it then flows, just as an electric current would, through a powerful magnetic field established in the top of the microscope: it is only under the influence of such a field that light rays are emitted.

From this point on, the principle is similar to that of the optical microscope. Theoretically it should be possible to see actual molecules; and in some pictures which have been made of synthetic plastics there are visible cloudy centers which may be considered as very large molecules. Several limitations inherent in the technique of mounting the samples will probably preclude the possibility of much more than 60,000 actual diameters for some time.

The original instrument is about six feet high, and a step-ladder is necessary to look into it. Later developments reduced it to more convenient dimensions; and the price of $6,500 did not prevent it from being installed in a number of research laboratories through the country, such as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the American Cyanamid and Chemical Corporation and the Rockefeller Institute. A new instrument was recently announced which is only sixteen inches high, and costs a mere $2,000. This reduction in size and price, at no sacrifice in potentialities, will make possible a much wider use.

Through the electron microscope scientists are able to look upon a hitherto unseen world—a world which vitally affects the life and health of every living thing. It is as if the door to Nature's great laboratory, through the keyhole of which they had been peering, were suddenly thrown open wide. What they will see there may alter their whole conception of the vital forces of the physical world.

In this department, which appears at irregular intervals, we report on significant recent developments in science. — THE EDITORS

The Bandwagon

A $14,000 monthly subsidy to improve student lunches had been offered to the local [San Diego] school system by the government. The project was designed, D. Will C. Crawford, superintendent of schools, explained, to "keep up the morale and health of school children" in time of war.

However, when board members learned that under the program free meals would be given to children who could not afford to pay for them, they refused the subsidy.

"This is the way all socialistic problems start," one member said. — *UP dispatch from San Diego.*

5 DIE IN PHILA. AREA DURING STATE-WIDE PRACTICE BLACKOUT

2 Air Raid Wardens Succumb on Street; Test Called Success

— *Head and sub-head in The Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Women reservists in the Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard, the Navy announced today, will be permitted to marry men in their own branches of service after indoctrination and training courses. — *AP dispatch from Washington.*

Beginner's Luck?

GIRL, to break eggs; experience unnecessary. — *A classified advertisement in The New York Times.*

Art Is Long

The inscription placed upon it ["The Adoration of the Lamb"] states that "Hubert van Eyck, than whom none greater has appeared, began the work, which Jan his brother, in art

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the second, brought to completion." Begun in 1424, the work was finished in May, 1932. – *From The New York Herald Tribune.*

A. C. or D. C.?

Lillian Gish is ageless. She weighs 112, stands five feet six in her stocking feet, has rich honey-blond hair. She dresses beautifully, and she glows. – *Elsa Maxwell in The New York Post.*

Total-War Department

Next to a mother with a son overseas, no one does more worrying than a boy whose dog is in a combat zone. – *Sub-caption on a story, "A Feeling about G-2," in The Saturday Evening Post.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

A Large World After All

SIR: One of the best things America can do at present is to learn that the United States is a country, just one country among many, subject to the same laws of gravity as any other, not unique, perhaps not so much better than most, where people are just as intelligent as elsewhere but not more so. In fact, one unit; to which what happens to other units in the world, might likewise happen and in much the same way. It would be a good thing to realize that the *homo Americanus* reacts to cold and hunger, fears and hopes, just like other human beings, in spite of a special training that has tried to make him different, and that it is not likely that any special providence once decided that this particular unit of the world's population, contrary to all the other units, could blunder with impunity, and while disregarding the ultimate good and the desires of other nations, could continue to be loved, admired and obeyed by them. In a word, to realize that there are certain historical laws among the peoples of the earth that can no more be evaded by one country, even if that country be America, than a man can step out of a third-story window and not fall into the street.

All this sounds so self-evident that the French would call it one of the *vérités de LaPalice*—LaPalice, the pretentious nobleman who was a genius of the obvious, of whom it was solemnly stated that while he was still in this life he was not yet dead. But since I meet scarcely one American in a hundred who seems to know it, and even those who think they do are not sure enough of it in their hearts to act on it, I think it has to be said and repeated until it sinks deep into their subconscious minds.

For how *could* Americans know that what applies to the rest of the world applies to them? So long as luck would always have it, in the past, that it did not? In the last war, for example, the stage was set by Clemenceau, Foch and Pershing in such a way that the young American army had just to appear upon the scene and give the Germans a powerful push, to make the Kaiser's troops—after four years of bleeding—fall to pieces. A glorious precedent, to all appearances. But a dangerous one, if the young America thinks she is going to be like that all her life and that her glamor will carry her through everything.

At Versailles, the young lady displayed a complete incoherence, building up a game of puzzles and then declaring impetuously that what she had built was too crazy for her to have any part in. But what of that? asks the lovely young thing, when the mistake is pointed out to her. It was all crazy, but I had a grand time of it and I did not suffer any of the consequences. *They* did. Those foolish Europeans, I mean.

From then until December 7, 1941, the young thing said she was not part of the world, and that she was not part of the new war—but that she would be and would not be. Her destroyers, she said—her old ones, of course—would sink German submarines, but the German submarine crews and commanders would not mind because there would be no Americans aboard them. And the young thing was very much surprised to see that the Axis could sink *her* ships, instead of the war remaining just a series of far-off unhappy things that would not touch her but would just call upon the exercise of her charity.

Then came the glorious North African expedition, and no one was going to resist. But Rommel did, although it seemed as if almost the entire German army must be in Russia or Western Europe. It all began suddenly to seem a little more real than it had up to then. Glamor evidently was not enough. Bare, grim facts began to emerge. It was not like the last war, where everything could be prepared by two experienced nations and the young troops had to charge once—bravely—to be through with the war. Now the young troops had a setback, and the war went on. How could this be? Well, it was pleasant to think it was of no importance, that it was just temporary. Time was on our side. How would old Time dare not to be on the side of the glamorous girl? Time had to be gallant, or Time was no gentleman.

The young thing might perhaps do well to reflect that Time is perhaps in fact not a gentleman. Neither is war. And history is not a lady. But they are all stern and exacting beings, who know too much, and are not easily fooled. They look you in the eyes and search your soul. They take it for granted that a fact is a fact. Bluff and fine words do not weigh in their balance as much as one single tank and the tanned, unshaven men in it.

It begins to look to me as if history were going to treat America just like other countries, which have to pay for what they get and are put in Coventry when they blunder, and are not worshiped for their blue eyes. It is a relentless world. And what should have been done in the past—and was not done—has to be accomplished now at a hundred times the cost.

War is war. It has to be conducted by men in arms, who are likely to perish in the process, who have to be on the spot, who must do the fighting under the shells, the bombs and the machine-gun bullets, against an enemy who is just as good and —at the beginning—more experienced. The enemy won't retreat before he has been defeated in a fight, with all that implies of painful realities.

Fascism is fascism, whatever flag it waves and whatever birth certificate it can boast of. French fascism is fascism, and only the more disgusting because exactly the opposite of Eternal France. Spanish fascism is fascism also—the same as that of the Mikado —despite any speeches by a pampered ambassador in Madrid.

And truth is truth, even if one has been taught by loose talk to use words upside down. Change the name of a tank, and it will still crunch your bones if you go down under it. Promises are promises, helpful to your friends if you keep them, but whirling back at you like boomerangs if you do not mean—or no longer mean—what you promised. And nations may perish through mismanagement, as dozens have already which could not

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make up their minds in time, and which would not admit that a murderer was a criminal and should be caught by the wrist before his knife reached their heart.

There must be a brotherhood among nations that are attacked by a common enemy. The death or torture of any man, woman or child of one of those nations should be resented equally by all of them. It was so during the last war, when any Belgian fighter was dear to the French, and any French fighter was dear to the Serbs. A nation cannot safely be pleased by, or indifferent to, a defeat of any one of its allies, or feel sore if one of the allied armies advances too fast.

All these are fundamental truths, so obvious that they have been completely forgotten by people who boast of being sophisticated, or who boast of being simple, when they have only stopped thinking. The path to victory is through honesty and courage, and not through Quisling, Peyrouton and Franco, or loyalty to enemies and indifference to friends. Hitler can be defeated only by free people and people who want to be free. And it has to be done with sweat and blood, the way men do things.

History won't be cheated. Nazis won't be fooled. Courage does it. And a brave new world lies ahead, like a sunny plain at the other end of a tunnel.

New York City PAUL PHELPS MORAND

Wherein the Caudillo

SIR: I am writing a book called "Don Quixote de la Mancha" which I hope everybody will like. It is to be about an old knight named Don Quixote, a servant named Sancho Panza and a horse named Rosinante. But let me not give away the plot. I am wondering if you would be interested in reading the following chapter:

Wherein It Is Told How the Caudillo Outwitted Carton the Duke of Haze and Pleased Both Friend and Foe

Miraculous indeed is the story of how the Caudillo outwitted Carton the Duke of Haze who was trying to discredit him in the eyes of his Idolf the Great Hitter, King of the Nutzis, also known as the Furrier, because he skinned people alive.

The Duke of Haze was from a country of degenerate and soft idiots who were addicts to Jewish practices and democratrocities, and he made a speech in which he called the Caudillo a friend of his people, thus insinuating that he too—the Caudillo—was an idiot and a degenerate fool.

When the young fascists heard this, they wanted to kill the Duke, but the Caudillo said to them: Never mind. I will show you how we can get the Duke to serve our purposes and please our Idolf too. He then invited the Duke and many journalists to his palace, and while they were there, one of his Ministers came in and said: Caudillo, something terrible has happened. Hundreds of thousands of our people are in prison and they suffer a great deal—Who did it? asked the Caudillo, threatening his Minister with a dagger: Tell me or you will die.—Some bad people, said the Minister, but they have been punished.—When did it happen? asked the Caudillo again. And why haven't I been told?—It happened only four years ago, and a report has been sent to you. It will be in tomorrow's mail, said the Minister, but I flew all around the world to get here first and tell you about it.—I praise your valor, said the Caudillo, and I hereby make you a knight of the Golden Fleece. But tell me: you said they were suffering. What pains them so?—They are nervous, said the Minister. They claim that they need air and exercise.—Poor men, said the Caudillo. I know what this is. Freedom they call it. Let them have it by all means. At this moment the Duke of Haze knelt in front of the Caudillo, and, having passionately kissed his boots, he said: I knew you would invest in Freedom sooner or later, as we are doing. We now sell it in bottles. And we will send you all the oil you may need to illuminate the tabernacles holding Your Ikon. Having said the which, he left singing: Be Wise, Ask for the Bigger size, Freedom wins the prize, It's fizzing, Five Cents at all Drug Stores. After the Duke had left praising Freedom, the Caudillo said to his men: Have you seen? Up to this moment we could only use our prisoners for target practice. Now we can sell the last breath of their agony to get more credit for ourselves. Our Great Idolf has taught us how one can exchange one dying man for three healthy workers, and now we too can do it. These proud enemies of ours who preferred death to saying one word in our praise, will now cause millions to praise us. Great was the joy among his men, who were eager to inflict one more torture upon their hated prisoners before they died, and they hurried at once to set them free. The prisoners believed at first that the Duke of Haze had come to free them and would bring them food, but they were told, "We alone will be fed because you are hungry, and this is our supreme insult to you." But strangely enough, they said: This is good news for us, this is indeed the best news we could hope to get, for we know now that there must be a place where such crimes are avenged. Why? they were asked. Because, they said, bad as it is, the world cannot afford to be as revolting as all that. Thus the Caudillo had performed the miracle of making everybody happy.

New York City GUITTONE ZANNUTELLI

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Macy Navasky, of New York City, in a mood of disillusionment, sends us a clipping of one of the columns of John Kieran, New York Sun columnist and "Information Please" expert. Mr. Kieran, paying tribute to Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," which expounds the single-tax philosophy, proposes instead a new kind of single tax—a sales tax large enough in percentage to replace all other taxes. "Then what about the rich fellows who can't begin to spend what they make in a year, compared to the poor man who has a hard time making both ends meet with every dollar he earns?" asks Mr. Kieran. "Patience, fellow workers! The rich man's dollar—or his million—is worth nothing to him until he spends it. If he doesn't spend it, his sons or grandsons or his heirs, assigns, executors and residuary legatees will take care of that little matter in the course of time. And the government agencies will get their share at that time."

Mr. Navasky comments: "Simple, isn't it? And so is John. I have discovered that my king of kings, radio's top quiz expert, John Kieran, is, economically speaking, a moron. Everyone is entitled to blind spots, but isn't it enlightening to find murkiness in the presence of so much brilliance? It doesn't seem fair to hit a man when he is up, because his elevation from the crowd makes him a stand-out target, but when my hero sticks out his neck and asks for it he overtaxes my power of resistance."

Daniel J. Smith, of Pass Christian, Mississippi, an old mail-bag performer, checks in again. "Why," writes Mr. Smith, "in the name of all that's sane doesn't someone excoriate the use of 'lovely' in radio and magazine advertising? Glossy pages glisten with piquant beauties and the caption 'She's Engaged—She's Lovely—She Uses Compound Cascara'; and the radio, 'The lovely Adenoid Asafetida will sing: I Call My Baby Dear Cause She's Costive'.

"Lovely—lovely—lovely. Think of the synonyms Roget offers. Why not 'lucious, succulent, graceful, shapely, quaint, splendid, jaunty, blooming, unspotted'? Or why not, for variety, a little truth *e. g.*: 'moronic, lumbering, myopic, lumpy, buxom, steatopygic cadaverous, bosomy, tuberculous'—the list is infinite? Egad!"

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Books in Review

The Book of Martyrs

THIS BOOK is too long by nearly four hundred pages and two hundred thousand words. It is roughly equal in length to that original manuscript of Thomas Wolfe's first novel about which there have been so many gargantuan legends. It is more than half again as long as the version of "Look Homeward, Angel" that was finally published, after the editorial staff of Scribner's had worked over the manuscript and argued with the author for nearly a year. You wish that somebody had taken the same pains with Joseph Freeman; they would not have been wasted.

The trouble seems to be that he insisted on putting everything into his first novel, as if it were one of those big packing boxes where Thomas Wolfe kept his manuscripts mixed with old shoes and undershirts and coffee pots. "Never Call Retreat"[1] is a storage bin that contains, *item*, a lot of useless machinery explaining how the story came to be told; *item*, a score of good and bad poems printed as prose; *item*, great familiar chunks of contemporary history; *item*, the President's speech to Congress calling for a declaration of war; *item*, the labor pains of somebody's wife, not the hero's; *item*, some passionate love affairs by no means essential to the plot; *item*, a warm tribute to Picasso's "Guernica"—item after item that should have been cleared away like wrapping paper and excelsior.

Once it has been unpacked—and that is not an easy task for the reader—the story itself has a tragic power that is rare in our times. This is a great age through which we are living—not only great by virtue of its battles and sieges, but also by what has happened in men's hearts. I doubt that there was ever a time when so much hope and faith and black despair, so much heroism and cowardice and treachery, were crowded into so short a span of years—from the October Revolution to the Moscow trials, from Munich to Stalingrad, from Pearl Harbor to Casablanca. Many books have tried to deal with these political and moral events, but most of them have seemed glib, inadequate and shallow. Freeman is one of the few exceptions. In his more awkward and prolix fashion he writes, at his best, on the same level of feeling as André Malraux and Arthur Koestler.

His real story begins after more than three hundred pages of preliminary matter; you come to feel that he is frightened by his subject and can approach it only with elaborate precautions. Suddenly he grits his teeth and plunges ahead, taking the reader with him. It is the spring of 1938 and the Nazis have taken Vienna. Paul Schuman, a professor of history with mildly radical leanings, is carried off to a concentration camp. There he meets several Communists whom he had earlier known and admired—a high party official, a proletarian poet, a former leader of the Hungarian revolution who has been forgotten except in party circles, and finally a man who prided himself on simply obeying party orders. They welcome Schuman and make him part of their underground movement.

All the prisoners are brutally and subtly tortured by the Nazi in charge of the camp. The Inspector, as he is called, resembles no man who ever lived outside of fiction; he is a combination of Mephistopheles and Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor. The reader accepts him, however, because it has now become evident that Freeman is not writing a realistic novel. The Vienna of his earlier chapters might as well be Moscow or Paris or New York. The concentration camp is an extreme symbol of the purgatory in which the whole world has been living.

Apparently all the prisoners stand firm under torture; even the headsman's axe does not frighten them. Yet instead of being drawn together by their common misfortunes, they fall to quarreling—the Social Democrats against the Communists and the Communists among themselves. The Hungarian revolutionist intrigues against the party official and is sent to his death; the party hack torments the poet, who is denounced as a renegade and, in effect, excommunicated. In the end, the poet and the official are beheaded at the Inspector's order, and the party hack commits suicide after being revealed as a spy. Only the historian escapes to America, where he tries to patch together the fragments of his shattered faith.

Reflecting on the double tragedy of his comrades—the persecutions from without and the hatreds within their ranks—he looks for historical parallels. He remembers how Condorcet was outlawed and killed by the French Revolution, of which his works were the highest philosophical expression. He meditates for a while on Milton and Cromwell. Finally, he returns in spirit to the days of the early Christian churches; it was then, he decides, that the whole tragedy had been enacted for the first time.

Not so long ago, the Communists were subjecting every human institution, including the churches, to economic analysis. Sometimes it produced extremely fruitful results and sometimes it was carried too far. But Freeman turns the tables on his former comrades by subjecting communism to religious analysis. He discovers what takes place when any generous human faith develops into an institution struggling for survival and domination. The leaders of the new faith become a hierarchy, with interests sometimes opposed to those of the masses. The faith itself becomes compromised as it grows more powerful, and those who refuse to accept the compromise are expelled as heretics. Finally the original impulse may be transformed into its opposite. In one of his many visions—for he is now on the edge of insanity—Paul Schuman hears a Roman judge lecturing a Christian martyr. "You seek to save man," says the judge, "by curbing his primitive, egoistic will; you want to substitute love for hate. But to carry your cause to victory, you must exercise will to the utmost; you must overcome your foes, therefore you must hate them. The gates marked love and harmony lead, in the end, to hatred and dominion."

Many of the people who hold ideas like these have col-

[1] Never Call Retreat, by Joseph Freeman. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 756 pages. $3.

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lapsed into despair and bitterness or utter negation. What I like about the mood of Joseph Freeman's novel is that it is not bitter and not despairing. He understands and even admires his principal characters, no matter how much he deplores their course of action. He believes that the human race will continue struggling for more freedom, and that institutions can reform themselves by turning back to the truth on which they were founded. There will be no utopia tomorrow or next century. But some day, he thinks, we shall learn to act on the principle that all men are brothers and, although different in capacity, are equal in value.

MALCOLM COWLEY

The Beveridge Plan

Social Insurance and Allied Services, by Sir William Beveridge. New York: The Macmillan Company. 299 pages. $1.

WHILE THE BEVERIDGE REPORT defies the hoary tradition of dull government documents by crashing American best-seller lists, there is growing concern in Britain over the government's delay in giving its reaction. Admittedly, Sir William Beveridge's numerous and highly technical recommendations require thorough study by the committee which Sir John Anderson heads. For a year and a half, since May, 1941, when a niggardly Health Insurance Act was made palatable by the Health Minister's offer of a "thorough overhaul of the existing schemes of social insurance," the government successfully urged the impending release of the Beveridge Report as an argument against new social legislation.

Now that the report has been acclaimed as fervidly as though reconstruction plans were rationed, there is anxiety lest Beveridge share the fate of a long line of neglected and emasculated governmental reports. Particularly disquieting was the army's decision not to distribute a summary of the report, prepared for the soldiers by Sir William himself. Since discussion has not been banned, soldiers will continue to talk and form emphatic opinions, but without the benefit of a first-hand interpretation. The resentment over this move was summed up by The [London] Economist: "Some day, perhaps, the powers-that-be will realize that reconstruction is not the preserve of high-placed, pompous and opinionated civilians; indeed, that it is rather the special concern above all of the men who are serving in the forces."

It is also feared that the powerful insurance companies are working behind the scenes to forestall the conversion of industrial life insurance into a public service. In 1939 the premiums on 103,000,000 industrial life-insurance policies totaled $311,000,000. Without this income, the life-insurance business would be cut almost in half, but British workers would save large sums of money through reduced costs of administration and the elimination of lapsed policies.

The solution proposed by the Prudential, largest of the industrial-insurance companies, is revealing. With complete candor, the company suggested to Sir William that the problem of lapsed policies be handled by grants to needy workers from the state, via social-insurance or public-assistance agencies. Whenever a worker fell sick or was out of work, the insurance collector could come by without embarrassment or worry, since the weekly payment would be made by the state. In this way, insurance policies would be maintained, and, it may be added, so would private insurance companies.

If the debate in Parliament on the Beveridge plan turns on the provision of state death and funeral benefits—a comparatively minor proposal—the entire social-security program may be obstructed. On the other hand, the other, more significant, portions of the plan may pass with ease because attention will be diverted to the one disputed issue. Beveridge carefully bracketed the most controversial recommendations and explained that they were not essential to the plan for unified social insurance. This precludes any attempt to sabotage the whole scheme by a refusal to settle single questions. If necessary, each of the twenty-three changes proposed by Beveridge can be discussed separately —not, however, without violating the spirit of the report.

The real danger to the Beveridge Report lies not so much in carping criticism of the social-security proposals as in blind or deliberate neglect of Sir William's assumptions and implications. If there is anything revolutionary in the report, it is, perhaps, its assumptions, explicit and implicit, about the post-war world. Indeed, the report may in the future be chiefly remembered, not for its unified social-insurance plan, but as the volume which precipitated government decisions on basic economic policy.

Logically, Beveridge should have written his report after broad economic and social questions had been settled. He would then have known how much and what kinds of want were likely to arise, and how far the government would be able to go in caring for the needy. Instead Sir William had to decide for himself whether Britain would be rich or poor, healthy or ill, increasing her birth rate or letting the proportion of old people grow, broadening her educational base or clinging to the old school tie, regulating industry to provide work or tolerating mass unemployment.

In making judgments on these questions, he saw clearly that wartime Britain would resent any plan for social insurance which did not assume a better world after the war. An unemployment-insurance system could not be based on the volume of unemployment which prevailed in Britain between the wars, even if that should be the most realistic approach. Nor could too pessimistic a view be taken of post-war unemployment because it would raise the cost of the program and interfere with its chances of passing. Alternatively, too happy an outlook for the future might suggest that there was no need for social security at all.

Beveridge understood, too, that provision for cash incomes was hardly the answer to economic security. In his own words:

> . . . income security, which is all that can be given by social insurance, is so inadequate a provision for human happiness that to put it forward by itself as a sole or principal measure of reconstruction hardly seems worth doing. It should be accompanied by an announced determination to use the powers of the state to whatever extent may prove necessary to ensure for all, not indeed absolute continuity of work, but a reasonable chance of productive employment.

As a consequence, Beveridge's most important assumption is that reasonably full employment must exist. Otherwise, the resources of the nation—in terms of goods and services, not money—will be unable to support the minimum stand-

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ard of living which he advocates. Wartime scarcities have taught workers that full pay envelopes are not enough to bring goods to the stores. Although peacetime consumption need never decline to wartime levels, mass unemployment over any period of time would diminish the quantity of consumers' goods available, particularly to the lowest income groups.

Sir William also assumes that the state will give new status to the family. Money allowances for children will ease the position of large families living on low wages, and may stimulate the birth rate, thus "ensuring the adequate continuance of the British race and of British ideals in the world." The alternative to a higher fertility rate is a rise in the proportion of the aged which may have important consequences for British productivity if retirement from the labor market is a condition for receipt of old-age pensions. Most interesting is the proposed treatment of housewives. They achieve new dignity and rights by virtue of their unpaid and often unrecognized services to the nation. Instead of offering women equality with men in the labor market, Sir William puts his emphasis on the marriage needs of women. Marriage grants, maternity grants, household help in sickness, widows' pensions, divorce and separation grants are among the benefits suggested for the always busy "unoccupied" women.

Finally, he recognizes that prevention is every bit as important as therapy. The principle is applied specifically to the nation's health, but it holds as well for unemployment. Adequate medical care will not only reduce workers' loss of earnings and the cost of illness to the Social Security Fund, but will contribute to the happiness of the people. In his emphasis on preventive measures, Sir William points the way to true freedom from want.

When the government gives its verdict on the plan for social insurance and allied services, it will be forced to consider a great many other problems. Even Beveridge's explicit assumptions have ramifications which are not immediately apparent. Planning for full employment entails decisions, by other nations as well as Britain, on tariffs, international trade and investment policies. Economic relations with the colonies and dominions, the extent of cooperation with other nations and the degree of control over the nation's economic life are closely allied to the full use of Britain's manpower in peacetime. None of the answers can be tossed off flippantly, but they will have to be worked out before the genuine economic cost of the social-security plan can be computed.

Sir William's repeated references to the dependence of "a completely satisfactory plan of social security" on "the solution of other problems" accounts, in large measure, for the tremendous popularity of his report. Both the ardent adherents and the grumbling skeptics have more and more focused their attention on the economic prerequisites of the social-security program, and differ only on the feasibility of the post-war objectives. Critics contend that there is little point in enacting Beveridge's social-security proposals until a program to maintain full employment is agreed upon. But, in the next breath, they doubt the possibility of attaining full employment. This line of argument may be a delaying tactic or an undercover attack on distasteful recommendations, such as the nationalization of health insurance by the "supersession of the present scheme of approved societies." Such sniping at the report, however, brings the major issues to the fore, and that is of prime importance in a country whose legislative process dictates a piecemeal attack on economic questions.

It is difficult to choose between the two dangers which beset the report. If the government blinks the implications of Freedom from Want, but enacts the major social-security proposals, Britain will have a security program second to none, an achievement not to be disparaged. But the failure to see the post-war problem in its entirety may ultimately spell the defeat of Beveridge's plan to maintain incomes. If, on the other hand, there is no agreement on basic issues, the social-security reforms may be shelved or discarded. The first alternative may be more undesirable, in the long run, since it has a deceptive air of progress. Unless the government meets fully the challenge of the Beveridge Report, it will again fail to give returning soldiers "homes fit for heroes to live in." BEATRICE GOMBERG

Allegro con Amore

Mount Allegro, by Jerre Mangione, illustrated by Peggy Bacon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 292 pages. $2.50.

A PROVINCIAL (who is every man until he has loved the world) one day cried, "Nothing human is foreign to me," and learned to love spaghetti. This is a parable. Go wherever men eat and you may have spaghetti. Or chow mein, or kosher corned beef, or whatever you like. Only by the width of our stomachs have we missed taking the foreigner to our hearts.

The same people (dagoes, sheenies, hunkies, greasers—our language is enriched from giving them bad names) who in coming to our green and pleasant shores have as often found their humiliation as their home, are nevertheless admired and acknowledged by us for their quaintness and their color. But this is a sociological, not a human, acknowledgment. I, for one, grow angry when I hear human beings call one another "quaint" or "colorful." These words mark the tourist's mentality, which a man need not travel to acquire.

Nevertheless, what is the tongue tempted to call Jerre Mangione's "Mount Allegro" but colorful? Color has been deliberately selected and added—so much so that Mangione himself seems partisan to the traditions of popular sociology—the better to set off the old story of the immigrants' heartbroken, comical fortunes.

Through his narrator, a young boy, Gerlando Amoroso, Mangione depicts a Sicilian family and its innumerable relatives living in Rochester, New York, in the squalid industrial district nicknamed Mount Allegro. Gerlando's early experiences, his juvenile gang life and his encounters with Northern Italians make him aware of the social stigma reserved for his people. The first thing Sicilians encounter upon coming to this country is their poor reputation, prepared in advance by other, and particularly Northern, Italians, in coöperation with the never reluctant *Americani*. And so young Gerlando learns that the world expects him to go about armed with a knife, ready to do violence on the least provocation. His father, the world's best pastry cook, Peppino Amoroso, forbids him and his younger brother to carry so much as a jack-knife; with the result that the

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youngsters must suffer from imputed sins at least to the extent of being prevented from joining the Boy Scouts, who, it is known, are knife-bearers.

Reading on, one meets Uncle Luigi, with his passion for rich widows, who never come his way, and his love of experimental theology. No sooner had Luigi landed in America than he was fascinated by the variety of religious denominations. At once this errant Catholic became a Baptist for the sufficient reason that the Italian Baptist minister who converted him was the first cleric he had ever met who looked happy. But Luigi could not restrain his religious *Wanderlust*, and he entered other folds, deriving his greatest delight from visiting as many different houses of worship as he could find, from the Church of the Holy Rollers to an orthodox synagogue. Then there is Uncle Nino, jeweler, loafer and ne'er-do-well, who never missed an opportunity to deliver orations in the purest Italian studded with quotations from the great Dante. And so one becomes acquainted with the members of this prolific, noisy, hospitable and gregarious family, their dinners and banquets, the squalling children and the flowing wine.

Mangione's material is so much alive that the only way he can keep it from running together is by imposing the external rank and order of topics; accordingly he follows the adventures of his family and friends in terms of their responses to typical conflict situations—their struggles with the American language, their attempts to meet misfortune through recourse to superstition and the cult of the evil eye, their difficulties in adjusting their strict sexual morality and system of arranged marriages to the freedom of the American environment. But Mangione's concessions to form end with his chapter divisions. He makes few generalizations. The pattern of social response and adaptation which is the underlying theme of these memoirs is to be pieced together out of vivid items, in themselves more memorable than the theses they illustrate. For example: the father, insanely jealous of tradition, who bites the ear of his daughter's American boy friend.

Nevertheless, the overtones which Mangione catches are a little disconcerting. His characters, while overdrawn, are insufficiently realized. They appear wistful, eccentric, pathetic or comical, but are known less through themselves than through the author's frequently remote medium. It is this which points indirectly in the true direction of his story. For while Mangione is illustrating the process of social adaptation, he himself is writing as a member of the second generation, more affected by that process than any of the individuals he portrays. He has already become an outsider, in whose eyes the old folks have lost their finality. For if one eye is Sicilian, the other is American, and he cannot help but look beyond his people, sensing the comparisons he is too loyal to draw. The objectivity he once may have sought has now become unavoidable. Instinctively he has made his narrator a young boy, for it is only in that guise that he is still at home, a participant, in Mount Allegro.

But whatever the distance that separates him from his origins and prevents a more inward rendering of the Allegrans, Mangione remains essentially a man of two cultures. Thus, when he pays a visit to Sicily, not only does he recognize the inexorable accommodation that has made him an American, but he gains final insight, through his own alienation, into the nature of his people. Over all of Mount Allegro has lain the nostalgia of the immigrants for the old country, growing greener and more tender with the years of separation and hardship in the United States. But Mangione finds Sicily a bleak, starving country, its wretchedness exceeding the worst American slum, its poverty resulting from official neglect and its spiritual impoverishment the consequence of deliberate Fascist techniques of social control. Poverty now becomes for him a source of illumination—it is the signature of Sicilian culture, for the warmth and exuberance of Mangione's countrymen have always known destitution at their heart, and their extraordinary gregariousness and joy of life is a solidarity against death. But in Sicily their festivals are desperate, for the shadow of Mussolini's jaw falls upon them—that broken jaw of their lost kingdoms. Within two months of his departure Mangione is back in the United States. His generation has accepted America and only waits for her, in turn, to take to her envious heart the warmth that foreigners have brought in their own strange persons.

ISAAC ROSENFELD

The Nazis and Christianity

It's Your Souls We Want, by Stewart W. Herman Jr. New York: Harper and Brothers. 206 pages. $2.50.

IF HITLER has not been able to knock Christianity out of people by force plus the persuasion of a militant faith, what assurance is there that the United Nations can knock Nazism out of the Germans merely by force, without even an attempt to deal with the subject of faith? How much have we thought about that?

The current tendency to ignore—or to count as merely incidental—the religious aspects of the struggle would seem to imply belief that a military defeat of the first magnitude is all that is required. That is the primary requirement surely: yet how important it is to grasp the religious significance of Hitlerism and to take the measure of those forces within the country which could some day be the partner of the victorious United Nations in building a new and decent Germany becomes clear as one reads the factual, vigorous and informing book by Stewart Herman.

The chief impact of Nazism has been upon international relations and religion. The former is obvious; the latter becomes plainer every day. The American Embassy and the American Church in Berlin were incomparable vantage points from which to study these two major aspects of Hitler's Reich. The author had the unique experience of occupying both vantage points simultaneously. As a member of the embassy staff, he traveled far and wide, aiding in war-prisoner relief and getting a close-up of German conditions enjoyed by few during the war years. As a minister well known in Lutheran circles—himself of German ancestry, although born in America and thoroughly American in outlook and training—he learned what only an alert, strategically placed minister could learn of certain developments of the utmost importance to the life of the churches; enjoying from first to last the confidence of the leaders of the German churches, particularly the Confessional leaders,

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i.e., those opposed to the Nazification of the church and loyal to the historic faith ("confession") of the universal church.

Remaining in Germany until 1942—although after Pearl Harbor he was interned—Mr. Herman emerged with certain well analyzed and well documented observations. These he presents in a brilliant and persuasive manner; building around them a book which is certain to take its place as definitive with respect to the church struggle in Germany, particularly in its phases from 1936 to 1942.

Yet it is not confined to church events for the very obvious reason (although all too many Americans still seem to be unaware of that obvious reason!) that totalitarianism by definition abolishes any legitimate distinction between religion and national feeling or political faith. The title of the book, coming as it does from a Nazi poem, suggests the implication of this involved relationship. The design of the Hitler movement was to win the souls of all Germans inside and outside the Reich. To do so it had either to Nazify the Eternal or to wean people from any transcendent or other-worldly spiritual belief and secure their acceptance of a secular state—based on race, blood and soil—as the ultimate object of all loyalty.

The conclusion to which Mr. Herman comes is that on both counts Nazism has failed to do anything like a complete job, despite the fact that "from the cradle to the grave the Nazi ideology is contending for the souls of the German people." In building up his case for this verdict he divides his treatment into three main parts, dealing respectively with the new state religion, the old state religion, and the impact of war. Each section is ably done and replete with illustrative material based on direct personal experience and observation. HENRY SMITH LEIPER

A Reader's List

VICTORY IS NOT ENOUGH: THE STRATEGY FOR A LASTING PEACE, by Egon Ranshofen-Wertheimer (Norton, $3). The author's point is that the people who will have to maintain the peace are the people who wrecked the last one. Therefore, none of the old instruments of peace, even sharpened and strengthened, is likely to work. Among Dr. Wertheimer's many unorthodox notions is the idea that there is very little difference between the mass of German Nazis and the mass of German anti-Nazis. Not that they are all bad; on the contrary, he feels that in both groups there is the ability to lead an orderly and decent life. There are no "two Germanies" in the sense that there are two spiritually distinct groups in Germany. But there are two Germanies in every German. It is to the better of the two that we must appeal. Our master plan must satisfy those who can adapt themselves to sane and responsible government. Although he has no detailed plan himself, he demolishes with fair success a number of fashionable notions. The book is badly organized and turgidly written, but it has considerable power and logic.

RETREAT WITH STILWELL, by Jack Belden (Knopf, $3). This book, by one of Time's Far Eastern correspondents, tells two stories, one successfully. In part it is an account of the brief, heartbreaking fighting in Burma, with an analysis of the reasons for our defeat, and here Belden is excellent. He describes the fighting with a sure and relatively impersonal touch, and he pins the blame for the disgraceful defeat right where it belongs, on moth-eaten British colonialism and Empire stupidity. The rest of the book is an account of how Belden got out of Burma with General Joe Stillwell, over the mountains into India, and although Stillwell emerges from the account as a tough and honest fighting man, for the most part Belden is so preoccupied in this last section with the sexuality of the various native girls who clustered around him like mosquitoes that the war gets pretty much overlooked.

THE NAVY HAS WINGS, by Fletcher Pratt (Harpers, $2.75). A glorified recruiting pamphlet for Naval Aviation, similar to the job Steinbeck did for the Army Air Force in "Bombs Away." Pratt lacks Steinbeck's essential focus on people, and his description of training and fighting is consequently much less personal, but he makes up for it by throwing in a sensible discussion of the role of naval aviation in the war. His theories fall roughly between the excesses of the de Seversky plane enthusiasts on one side and the Brodie battleship enthusiasts on the other, and seem moderate enough. Complete with a section of excellent action photographs and an utterly gratuitous crack at the "liberal weeklies," in which the author thus bites the hand that has frequently fed him, making the incredible charge that they should not have opposed the intervention in Nicaragua as an "imperialist adventure" because it gave the Marines practice for Guadalcanal!

WHITE MAMMOTHS, by Alexander Poliakov (Dutton, $2.50). A reportorial record of Russia's giant KV tanks in action by the great Russian reporter who was killed in action last fall. The book follows the tanks from the factories to the front, shows them in action against the Germans, and includes some of the best blow-by-blow accounts of fighting on the Russian front that have yet appeared in English. According to Poliakov, it would seem that Soviet equipment is as much superior to the German as Soviet strategy and tactics, which is encouraging news if true. The style is simple, unadorned and functional, although its version of conversation among the Russian soldiers tends just slightly toward the Rover-Boyish. The book includes a number of fine photographers from Soviet archives, and is excellently translated by Norbert Guterman.

Contributors

MAX LERNER's most recent book is "Ideas for the Ice Age." He is now assistant to the publisher of PM.

TOM BOGGS has two books coming out in June: his first book of verse, "Forty-One Poems" (Coward-McCann), and his fourth modern anthology, "American Decade" (Cummington Press).

JOSEPH G. HARRISON is identified in an editorial note preceding his article in this issue.

BEATRICE GOMBERG has done considerable research work in the field of English labor problems. She has been working for the Social Security Board at Washington.

ISAAC ROSENFELD is a frequent contributor to The New Republic.

HENRY SMITH LEIPER is the foreign secretary of the Federal Council of Churches and American secretary of the World Council. He has been thoroughly acquainted with the Church struggle in Germany from its beginning.

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